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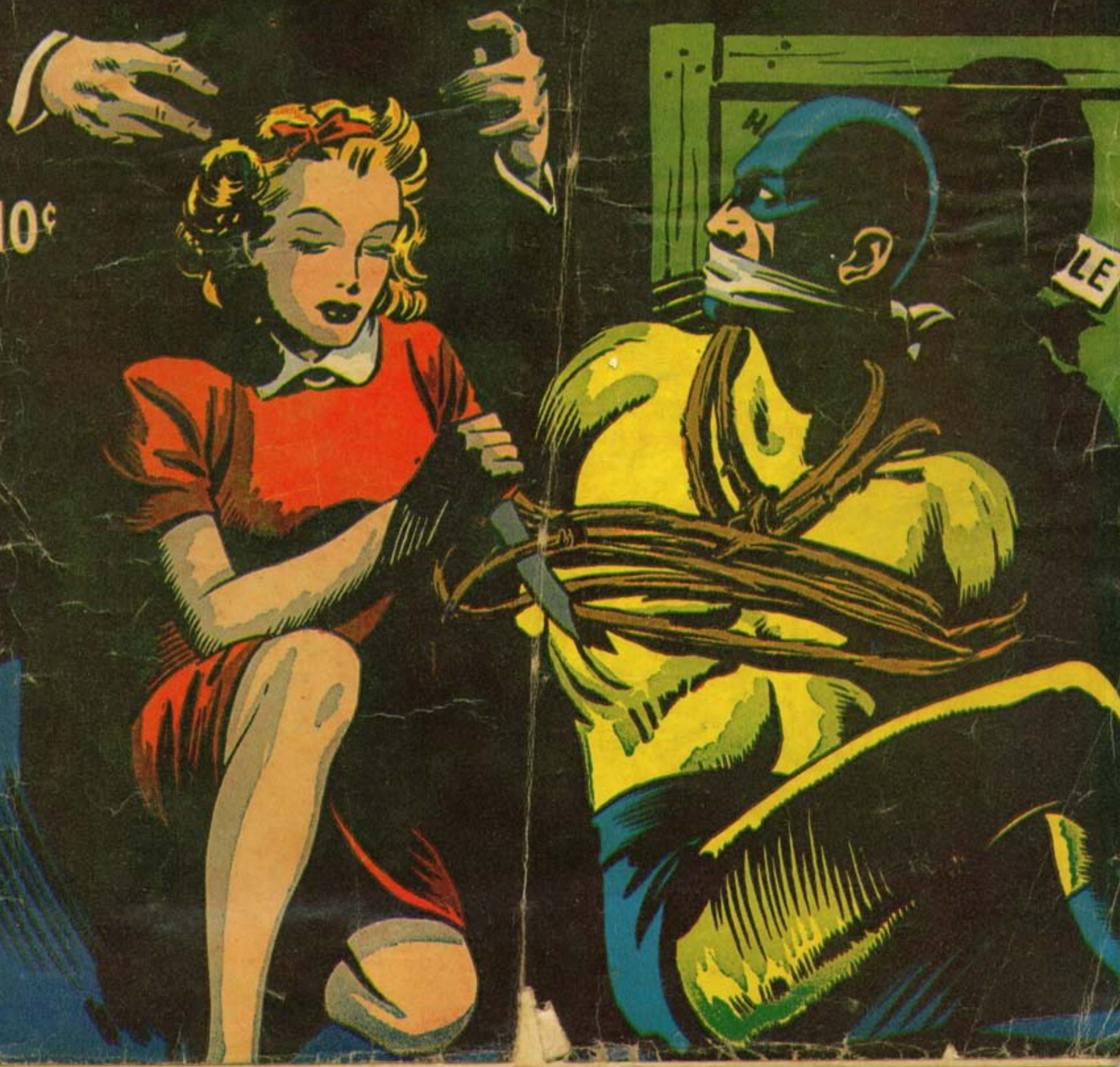
BLACK

AN
Archie
MAGAZINE

HOOD

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10¢





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be the first in your town to wear this sensational COROZO NUT RING

said to bring **GOOD LUCK** to the wearer



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WEAR ONE YOURSELF.
CHOICE OF
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SEND NO MONEY. Just your name, address and ring size. When postman delivers package containing two rings, pay him \$1.94 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If you send \$2.00 with order, we pay all postage charges.

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Fill in coupon, clip and mail now! For Ring Size. Cut out the strip, wrap tightly around middle joint of ring finger. Number that meets end of chart strip is your ring size.



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Send me for 10 days trial the 2 rings I have checked below. When package arrives, I will deposit \$1.94 (plus postage and C.O.D. charges). If at the end of 10 days I wish to return the rings, you are to refund my money at once.

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NOTE: If you enclose \$2.00 with your order we will pay postage. . . . Of course, you still have the privilege of our 10 day trial or money back guarantee. If apt to be out when postman calls, send cash or money order, for \$2.00 and save C.O.D. charges. Canadian and Foreign orders must send \$2.00 with order.



Guarantee! wear ring 10 days, if not pleased return and get your money back.

The Black Hood

THE CASE OF
THE
**SHOES OF
DOOM!**





SOME SHOT, HEY, HULKY? THIS PUTS ME WAY AHEAD OF YOU!

YEH, YEH!



MISSED THAT TIME, BUT I LEFT YA A SET-UP SHOT!

YEH, SOME SET-UP!! RIGHT UP AGAINST THE CUSHION!



WHATCHA GETTIN' SORE ABOUT, HULKY?

NOTHIN'! JUST KEEP THAT BLABBER-MOUTH OF YOURS SHUT WHILE I SHOOT!



BLAST IT! THAT BALL WOULD'VE GONE STRAIGHT FOR THE POCKET--



-IF YOU HADN'T PUSHED MY CUE-STICK!

I PUSHED IT? YA BIG LUG, YOU'RE NUTS!



WHY, YOU LITTLE PUNK, I'LL TEACH YOU TO KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!

DON'T, HULKY! OH, OH, OH!



GEE, I'VE KILLED HIM! I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE, QUICK!



I GOTTA GET OUT OF TOWN, BUT I AIN'T GOT NO DOUGH!



'BLIND SAM,' THE BEGGAR-HMM? I HEARD AROUND TOWN THAT HE HAS A BIG WAD OF DOUGH STASHED AWAY!



I THINK I'LL KINDA ESCORT 'BLIND SAM' HOME TO HIS SHACK!



COUNTIN' THE DOUGH-LOOKS LIKE A PRETTY GOOD DAY'S TAKE!



WHO-WHO IS IT?

IT'S ME-HULKY! COMIN' AROUND TO DO A LITTLE COLLECTIN'!



WHERE'S TH' REST OF YER DOUGH HIDDEN?

THERE ISN'T ANY MORE! HONEST, HULKY!



DON'T LIE TO ME, YA DIRTY, LITTLE RAT! TELL ME, OR I'LL CHOKE IT OUTA YOU!

DON'T! YOU'RE KILLING ME-ARH-AGGHH!



I'VE PRACTICALLY TORN THIS PLACE APART, BUT-I CAN'T FIND THE REST OF THE MONEY!



I'D BETTER STRING HIM UP AND MAKE IT LOOK LIKE SUICIDE!



WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE THIS CHICKEN FEED! IT'S BETTER'N NOTHIN'!

LATER, AT HULKY'S APARTMENT!

HI, HULKY? I BEEN WAITIN' TO TELL YA THAT THE GUY YOU HIT IN THE POOL-ROOM DIDN'T CROAK! HE'LL PULL THROUGH OKAY!

HUH? THEN-I DON'T HAFTA BLOW TOWN, AFTER ALL!



YEH, BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT BEGGAR I JUST KILLED? AW, THERE'S NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT! THE COPS WON'T BOTHER MUCH ABOUT AN OLD CRUMB LIKE HIM-I'M SAFE!



MEANWHILE-----

YES, KIP, LOOKS LIKE AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE OF SUICIDE TO ME!



YEAH? HOW ABOUT THIS FRESHLY TORN MATTRESS? THE RIPPED-UP FLOOR BOARDS? AND THE WHOLE PLACE LOOKING AS IF A TORNADO HIT IT!

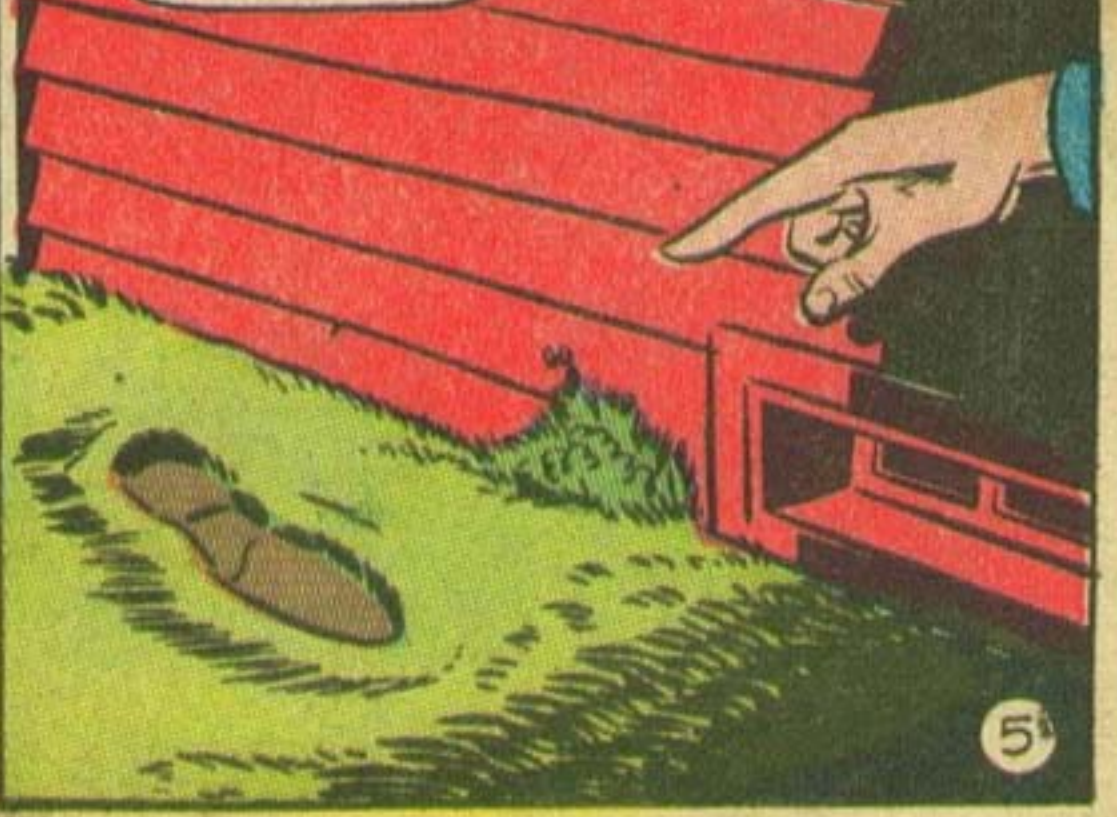


ARE YOU HINTING THAT THE OLD GUY WAS MURDERED? WHO WOULD WANT TO KILL A HARMLESS, OLD GUY LIKE HIM?

I DON'T KNOW! LET'S LOOK AROUND OUTSIDE FOR CLUES!



HERE'S SOMETHING! MCGINTY, SEND DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS FOR SOME SHELLAC, PLASTER-OF-PARIS AND AN ATOMIZER!



A SHORT WHILE LATER-----



FIRST, WE SPRAY THE FOOT-PRINT WITH SHELLAC!



THEN, WE POUR IN THE PLASTER, BREAKING ITS FALL WITH A SPOON TO ALLOW AN EVEN SPREAD --



AND WHEN IT HARDENS, WE HAVE PERFECT RE-PRODUCTION OF THE SOLE THAT MADE THE FOOTPRINT!



THEN, BY REVERSING THAT, WE GET AN IMPRESSION SIMILAR TO THE ONE ON THE GROUND!



SURE, BEGORRA, NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO, IS MATCH THIS FOOT-PRINT WITH THOSE BELONGING TO THE TWO MILLION PEOPLE IN THE CITY-- NUTS!



OKAY! COME ON, BABS--YOU AND I HAVE WORK TO DO!

I ADMIT GETTING THAT SHOE-PRINT WAS PRETTY SMART, KIP--BUT HOW IN THE WORLD ARE YOU GOING TO FIND THE FOOT THAT FITS IT?



WELL, MY HUNCH IS, THAT THIS CRIME WAS COMMITTED BY A GUY WHO KNEW ABOUT 'BLIND SAM'S' HAVING MONEY ON THE PREMISES.' AND--THAT MEANS SOMEBODY IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

NOW, ACCORDING TO THIS PRINT, THE GUY HAD HIS SHOES FIXED RECENTLY, BECAUSE THERE'S THE MARK OF A FULL HEEL AND A HALF-SOLE!



-AND A SOLE THAT'S NEVER BEEN REPAIRED, WOULDN'T HAVE A HALF-SOLE MARK!



SO NOW WE'LL GO AROUND TO THE LOCAL SHOE-REPAIR SHOPS AND FIND OUT WHO'S HAD THEIR SHOES FIXED RECENTLY!

SAY, THAT'S PRETTY SLICK, KIP!



KIP AND BABS MAKE THE ROUNDS OF THE SHOE-REPAIR SHOPS

SHOE REPAIR

WE'VE JUST ABOUT COVERED EVERY STORE-I WONDER IF MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT, AFTER ALL?



THIS IS A PRETTY BIG SIZE, MR. AND IF YOU FIXED A PAIR LIKE IT-YOU SHOULD REMEMBER IT!

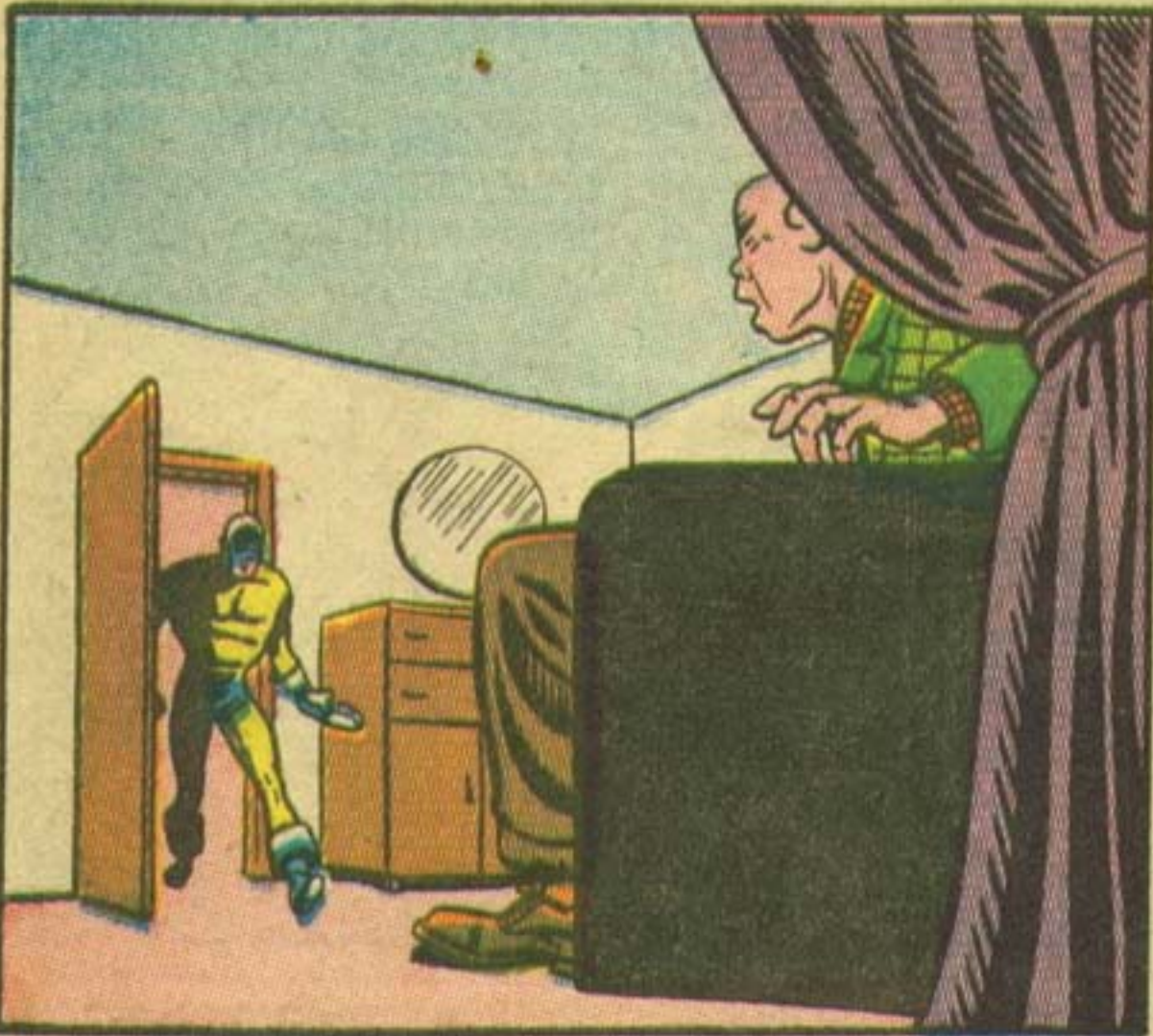
HM? I THINK I DO! THAT'S ABOUT 'HULKY'S' SIZE!



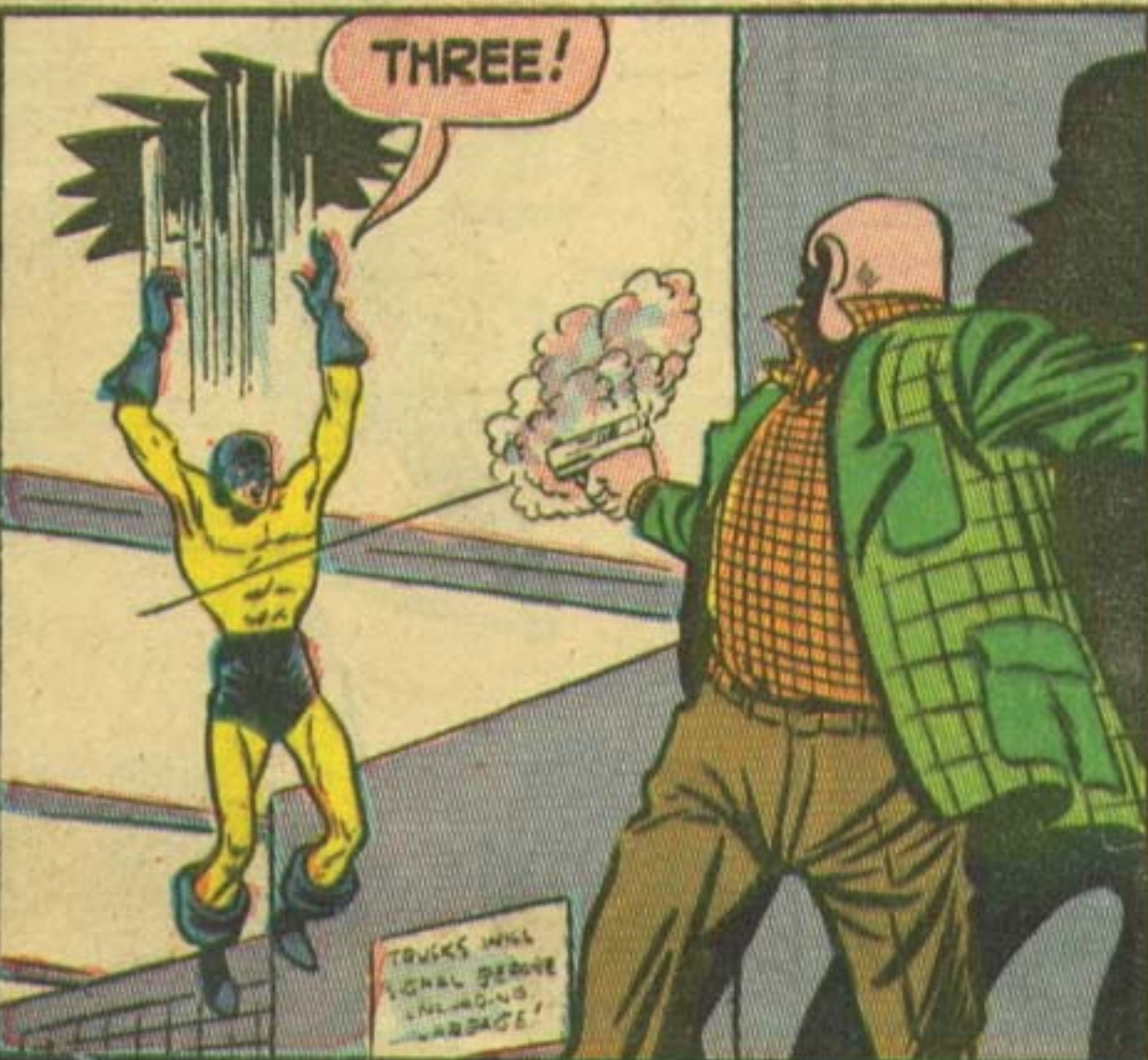
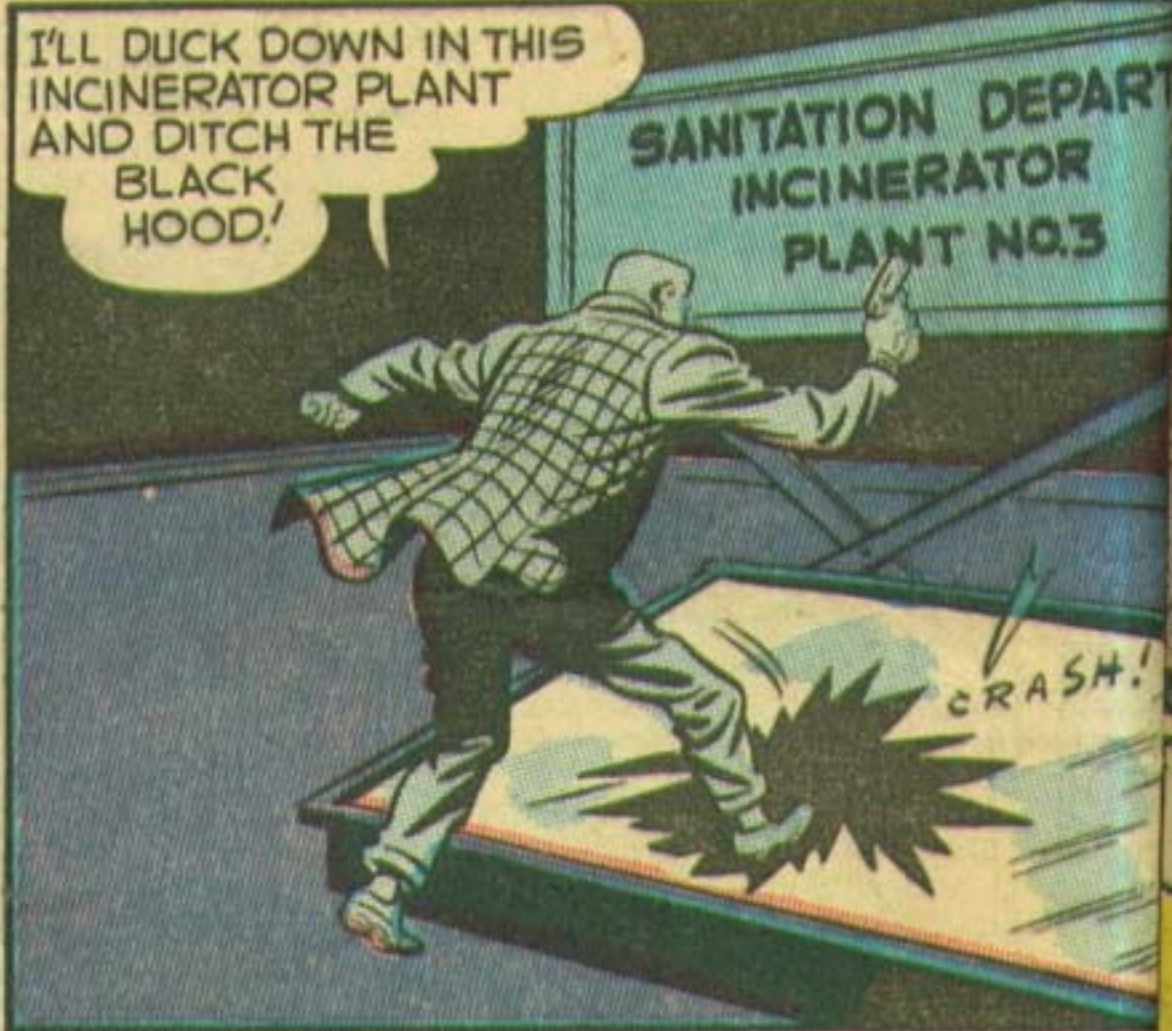
GOOD! NOW WHERE CAN I FIND THIS 'HULKY' CHARACTER?

AT 106 BROOK STREET! AND WHEN YOU GET HIM- PLEASE TRY AND GET HIM TO PAY FOR THE JOB!











FIVE!

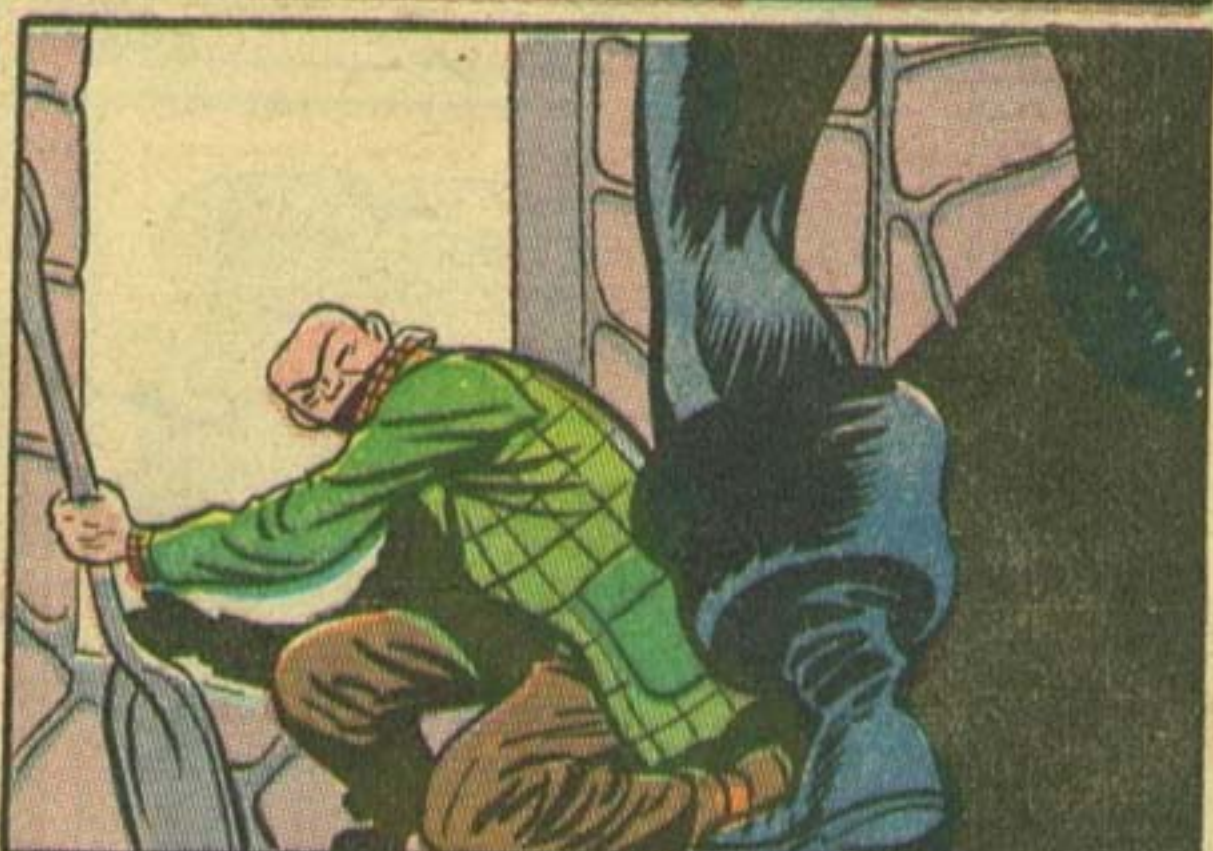


SIX - GUN'S EMPTY!

CLICK-CLICK!



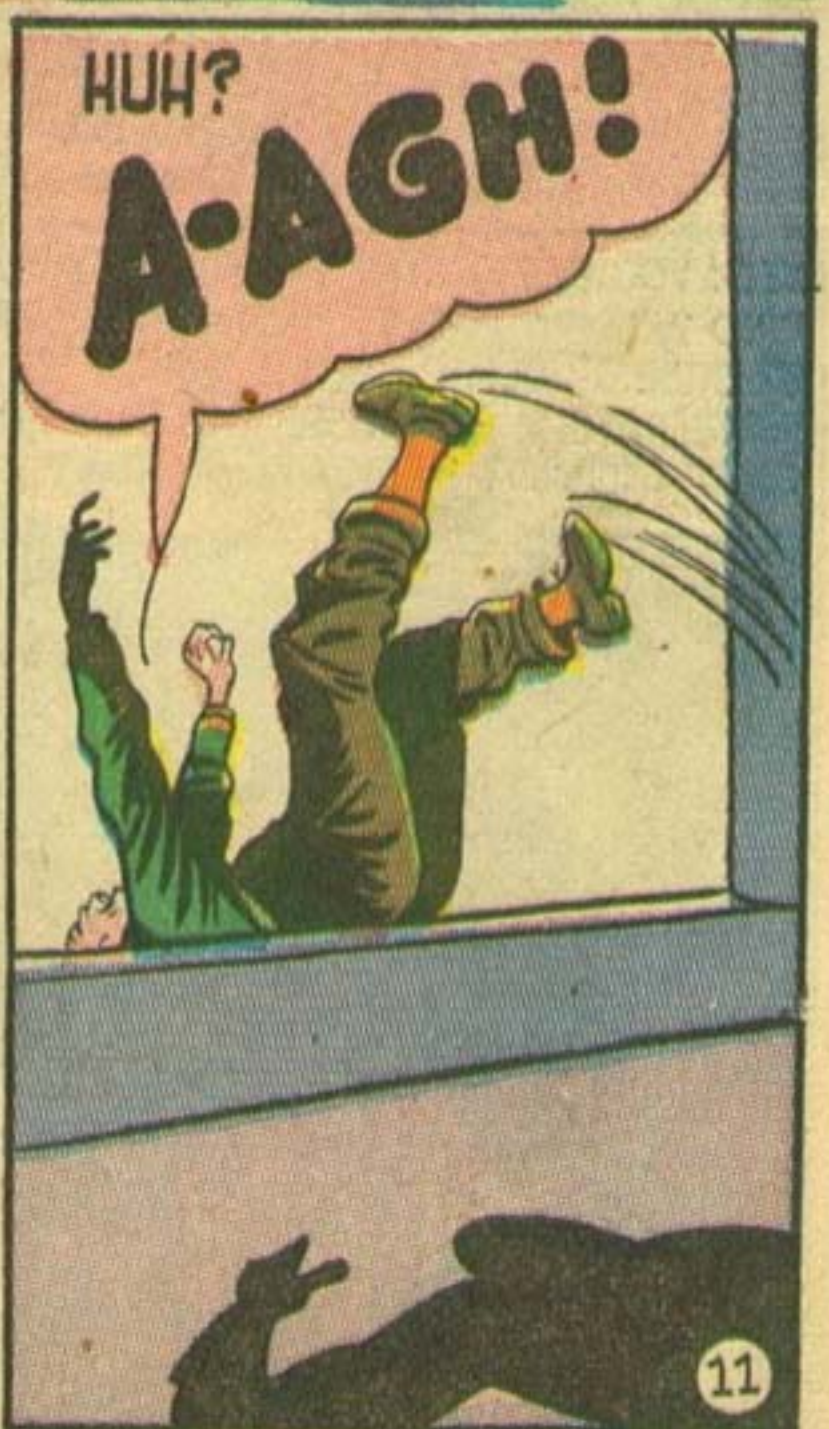
BOP!



NOW I'LL MAKE MY GETAWAY!



WATCH OUT, YOU FOOL! YOU'RE HEADING RIGHT FOR A FIRE PIT!



HUH?
A-AGH!

WELL, LOOKS LIKE 'HULKY' WON'T GO TO THAT NECKTIE PARTY AFTER ALL!



NEXT DAY---

CLARION
**MCGINTY BREAKS
BEGGAR MURDER**



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS--

I HATE TO ADMIT IT, DAGNABBIT, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE KIP'S SHOE IDEA WAS A GOOD ONE, AFTER ALL!



YOU THINK IT WAS PRETTY GOOD, HUH? I'LL BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT I SUSPECTED YOU FOR A WHILE!

ME? WHA--?



YES! YOU SEE, YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I KNEW WHO WORE A TWELVE AND A HALF SHOE, BESIDES 'HULKY'! BUT I RULED YOU OUT IMMEDIATELY, BECAUSE THE PLASTER CAST DID NOT INDICATE A **FLAT FOOT!**

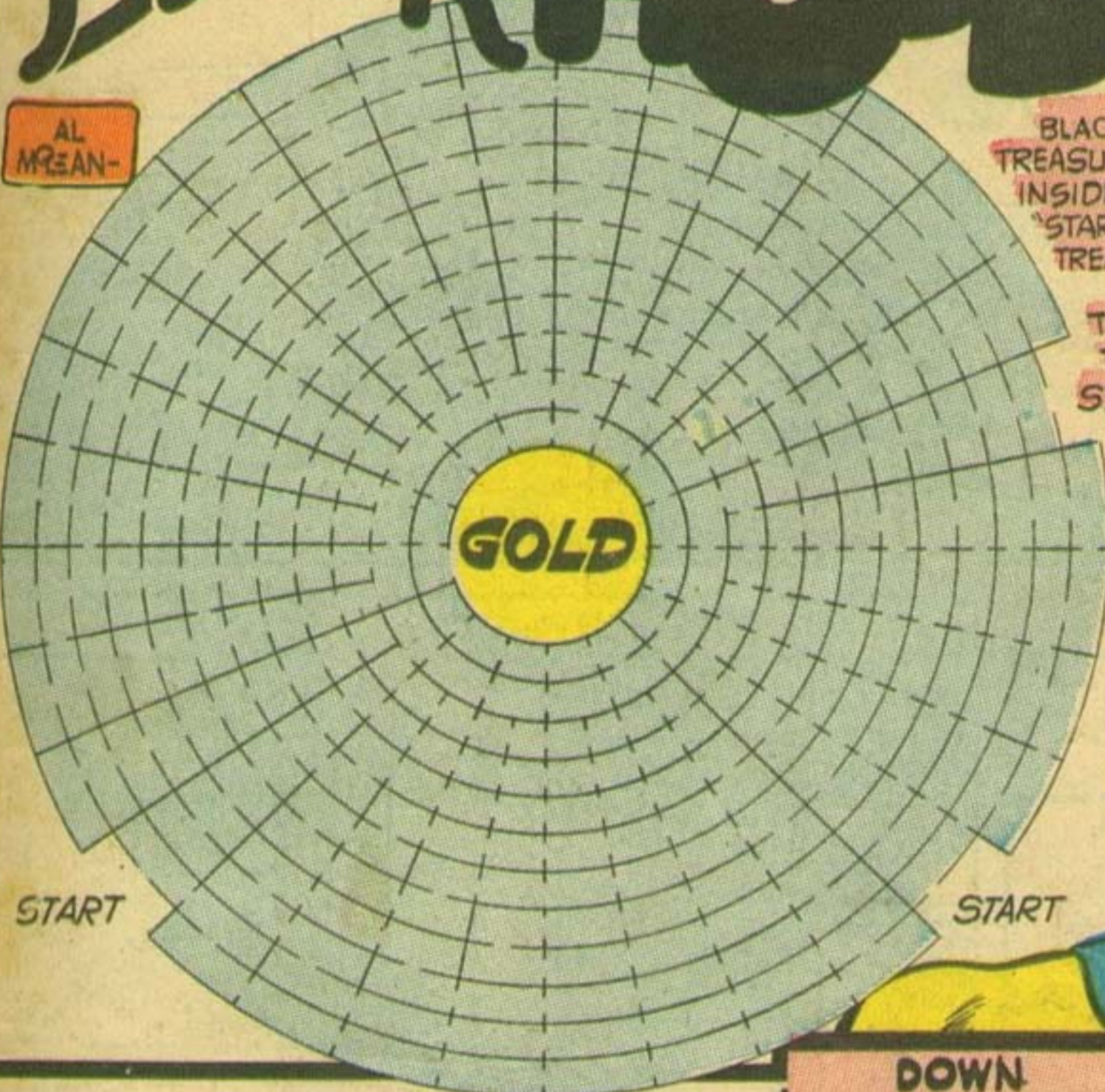
SUSPECT ME? **FLAT FEET?** WHY, YOU UNGRATEFUL-- GET OUTA HERE! IT'S THE LAST TIME I GIVE YOU CREDIT FOR ANYTHING!



Black Hood

PUZZLE PAGE

AL
MEAN-



SEE IF YOU CAN HELP THE BLACK HOOD LOCATE THE HIDDEN TREASURE, WHICH IS LOCATED IN THE INSIDE CIRCLE! BEGIN WHERE IT SAYS "START" AND SEE IF YOU CAN FIND THE TREASURE BEFORE THE BLACK HOOD!

THERE ARE THREE "STARTS"! TAKE YOUR CHOICE!
START



A COW'S LOVE!



DRAW A LINE FROM NO. 1 TO NO. 2 AND SO ON RIGHT THRU NO. 52!

THEN YOU'LL SEE WHAT A COW LOVES BEST!

DOWN

- 1- A SHEEP'S CRY
- 2-A COVERED VASE
- 3-A PRIMARY COLOR
- 4-OPPOSITE OF LIGHT
- 10-TO STUFF FULL
- 11-HESITANT EXPRESSION
- 13-SMALL HOTEL
- 14-COOKING VESSEL
- 15-A PIG'S HOME

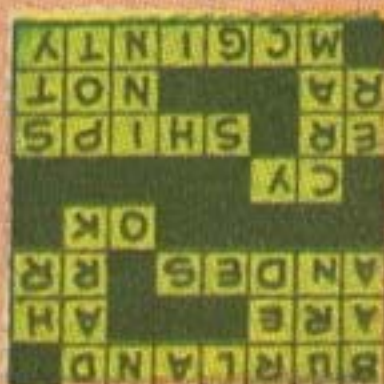


TRY THIS ONE!

ACROSS

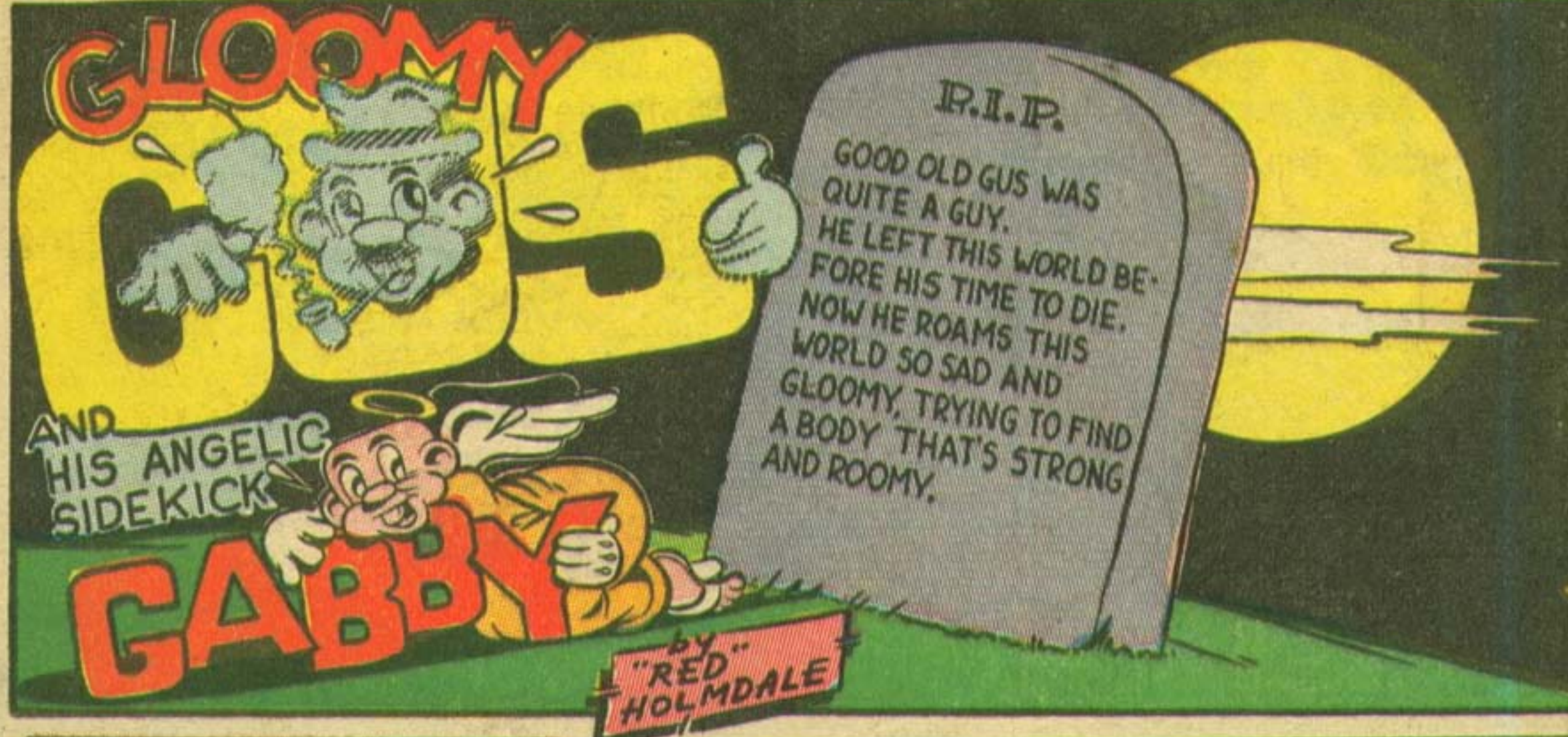
- 1-KIP'S LAST NAME
- 5-COLLECTIVE OF 'IS'
- 6-EXPRESSION OF SATISFACTION
- 7. SOUTH AMERICAN MOUNTAIN CHAIN
- 8-ABBR. OF RAILROAD
- 9-SHORT FOR OKAY
- 10-SHORT FOR CYRUS
- 11-SAME AS ELEVEN

ANSWER

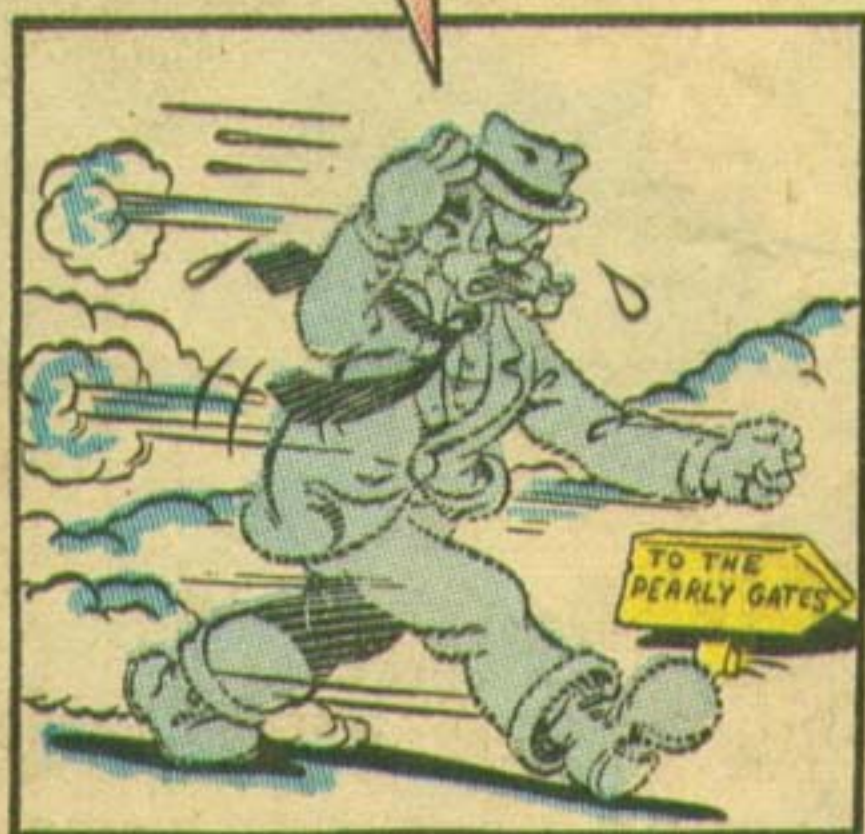


TURN UPSIDE DOWN!

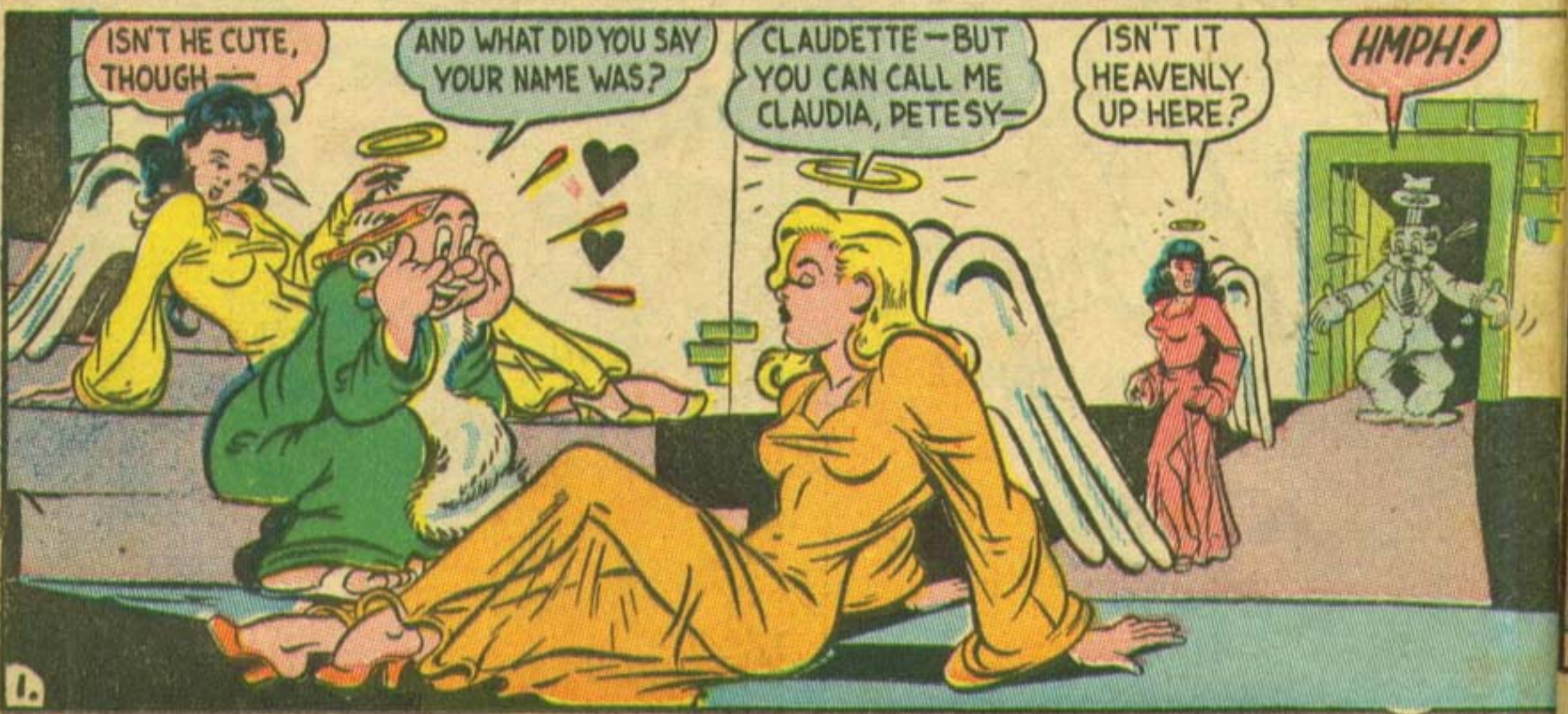
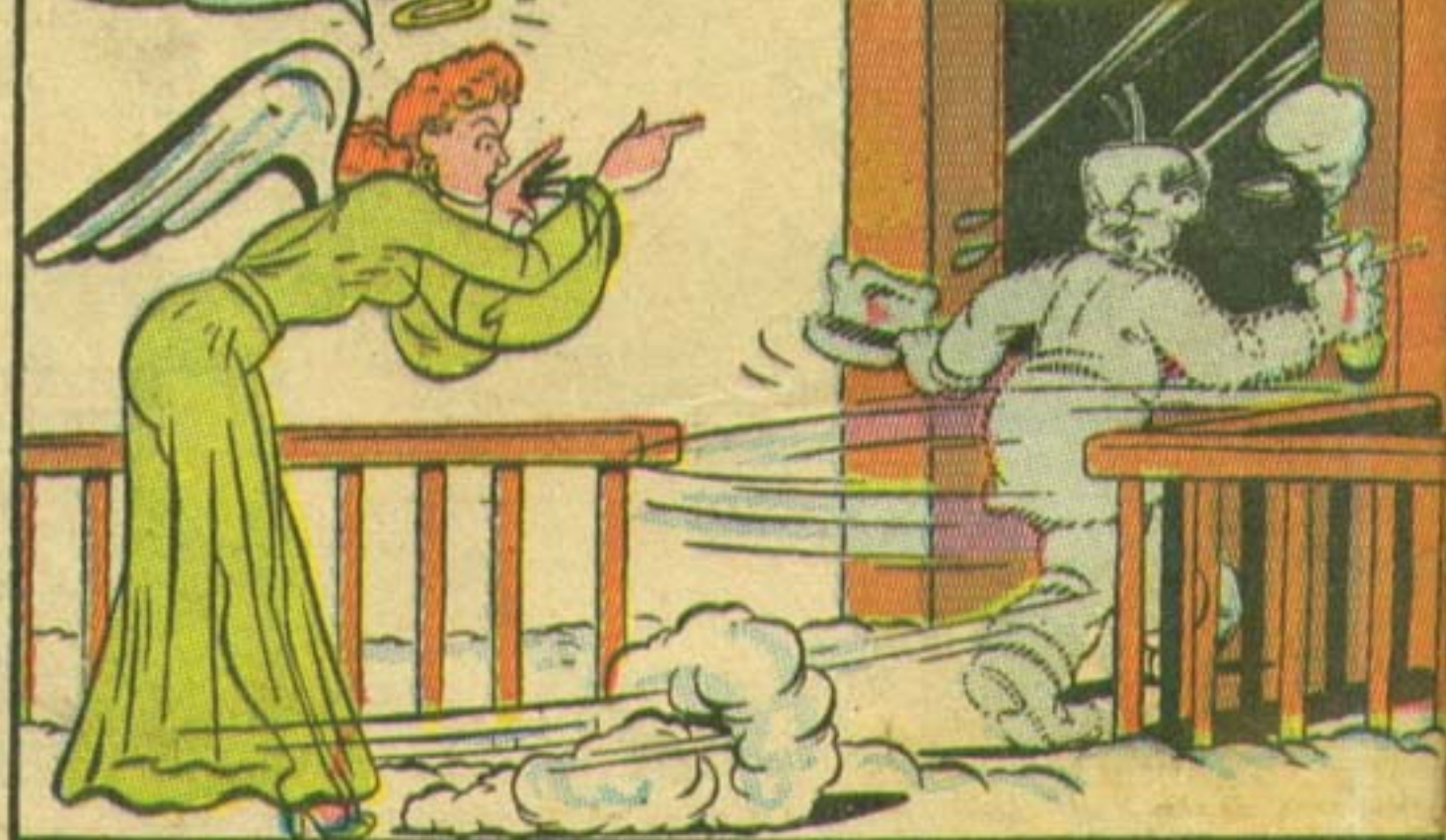
- 12-PLURAL OF SHIP
- 16-SUN GODDESS
- 17-A NEGATIVE
- 18-KIP'S BOSS



THEY'VE KERT ME UP IN THE CLOUDS FOR FOR OVER A MONTH NOW—IT'S TIME I CALLED AT HEADQUARTERS FOR A SHOWDOWN —



BUT—BUT— ST. PETE LEFT WORD HE'S NOT TO BE DISTURBED—HE'S INTERVIEWING SOME NEW-COMERS TODAY.



THERE'S JUST ONE THING LEFT FOR ME TO DO — I'LL GET GABBY TO GO WITH ME FREE LANCING FOR SOMEBODY —



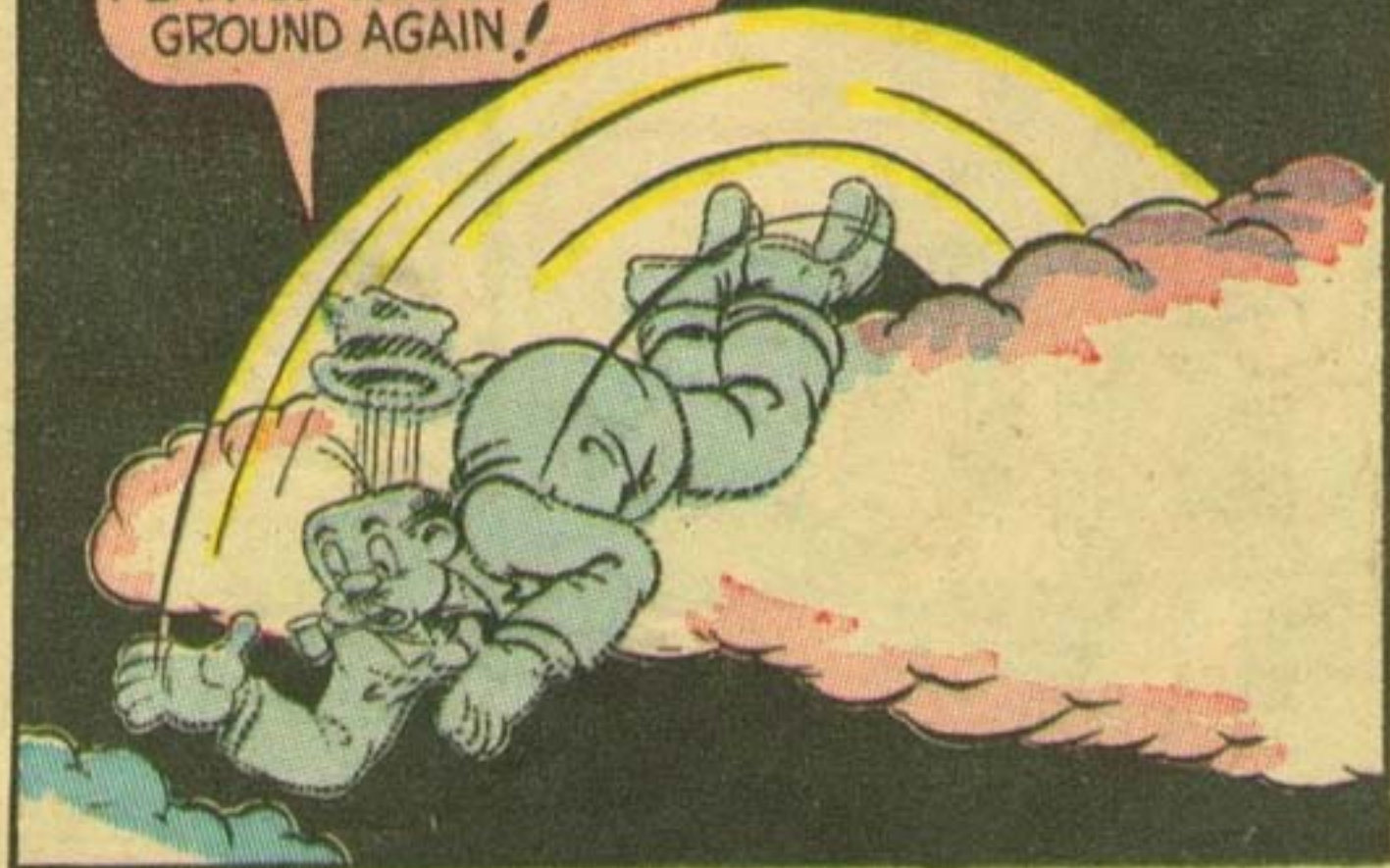
OH GABBY, YOU'RE AN ANGEL — IXNAY, COUNT ME OUT — WHO WANTS TO GET DOWN TO EARTH NOW —



HMPH! LOOKS LIKE HEAVEN'S GOING TO THE DOGS —



MY BEST BET IS TO GET DOWN TO EARTH AND GET MY FEET PLANTED ON SOME FIRM GROUND AGAIN!

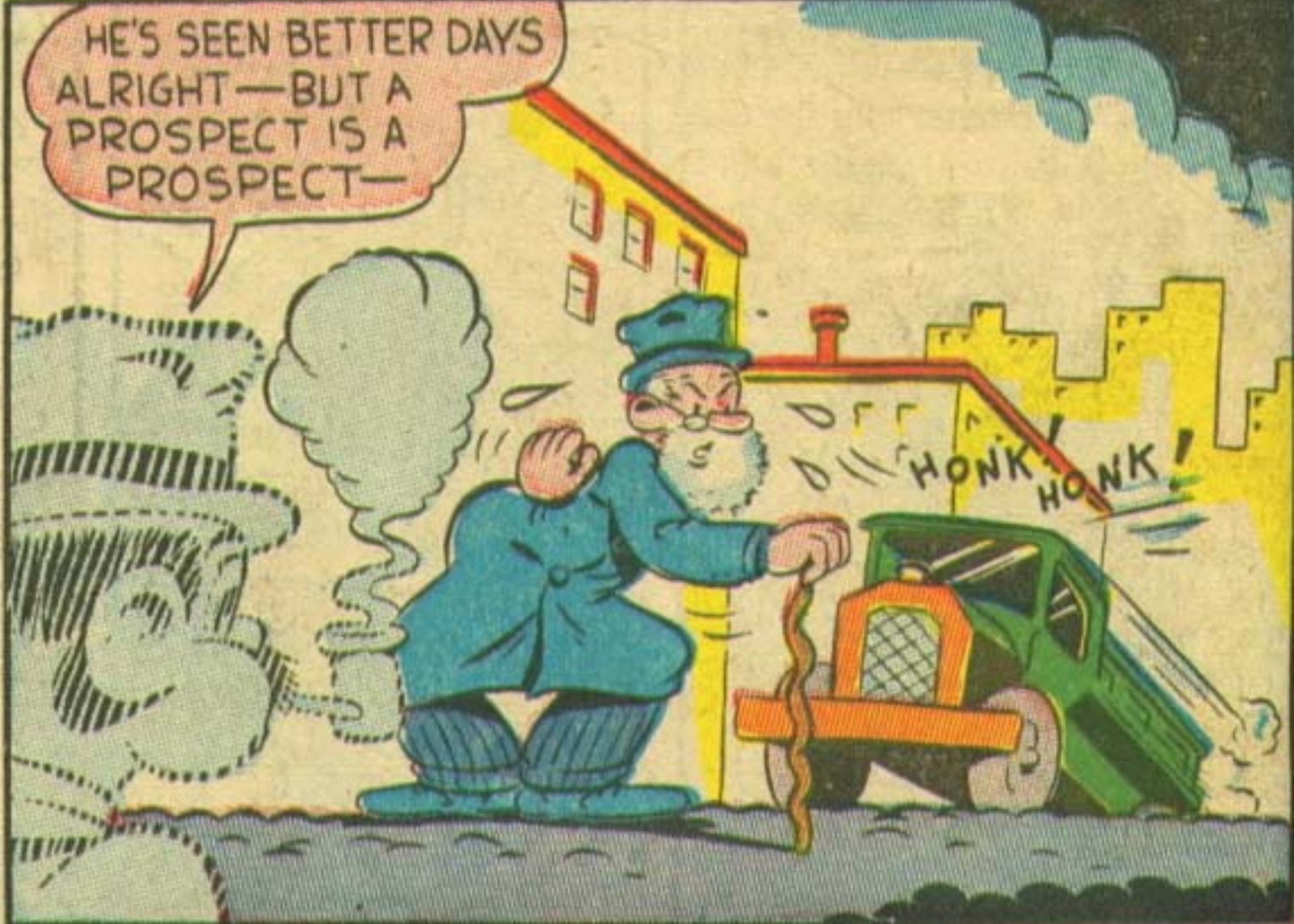
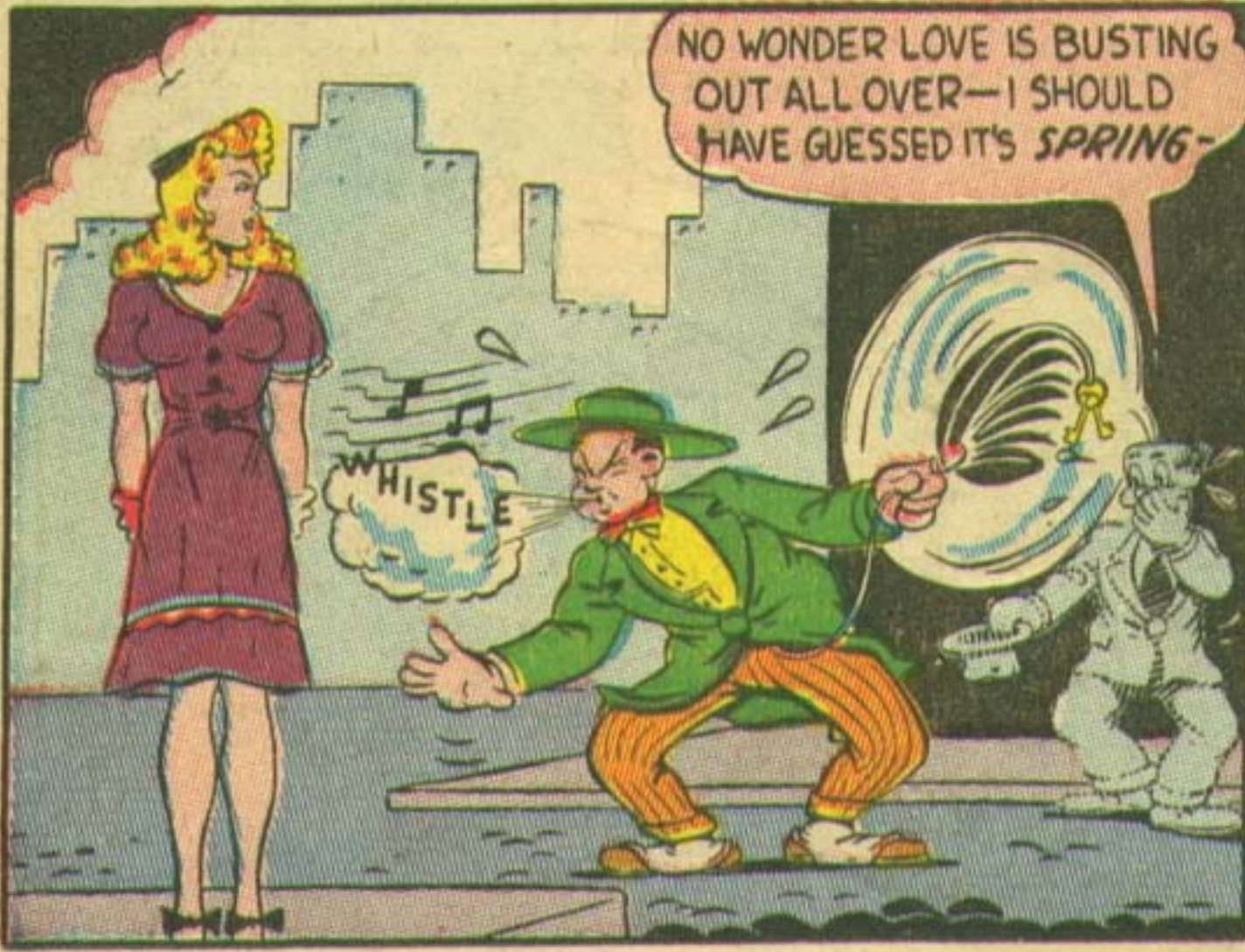
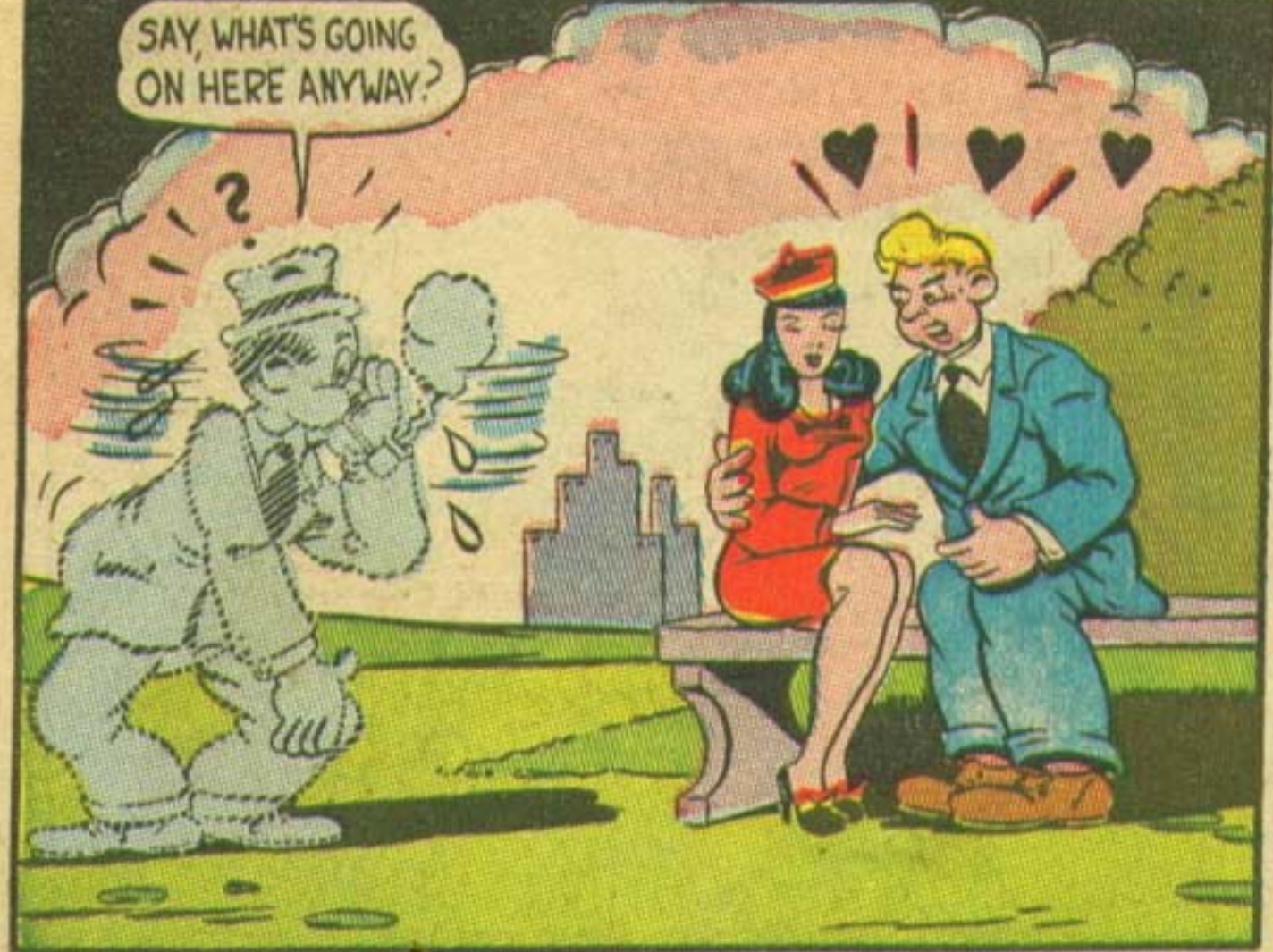


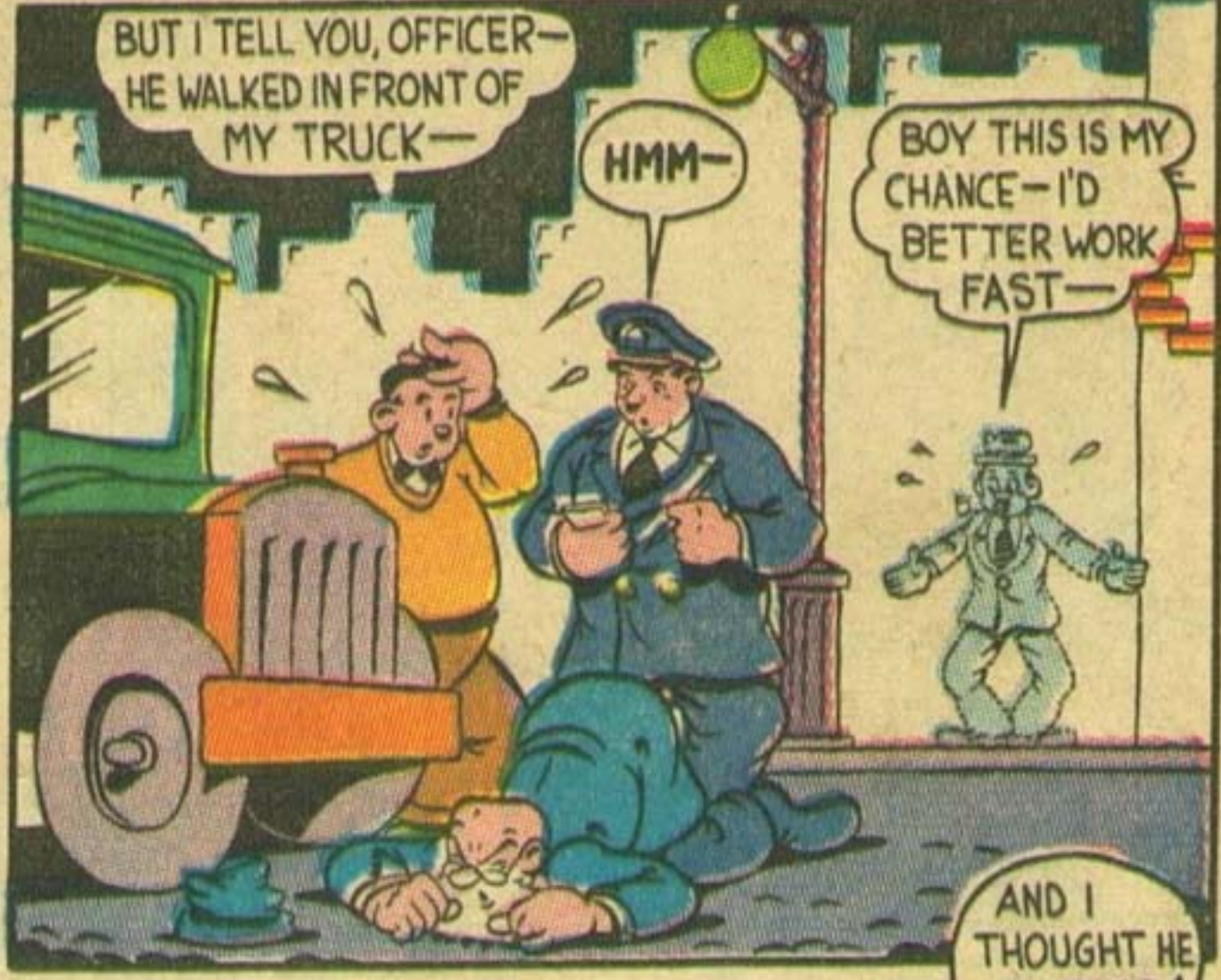
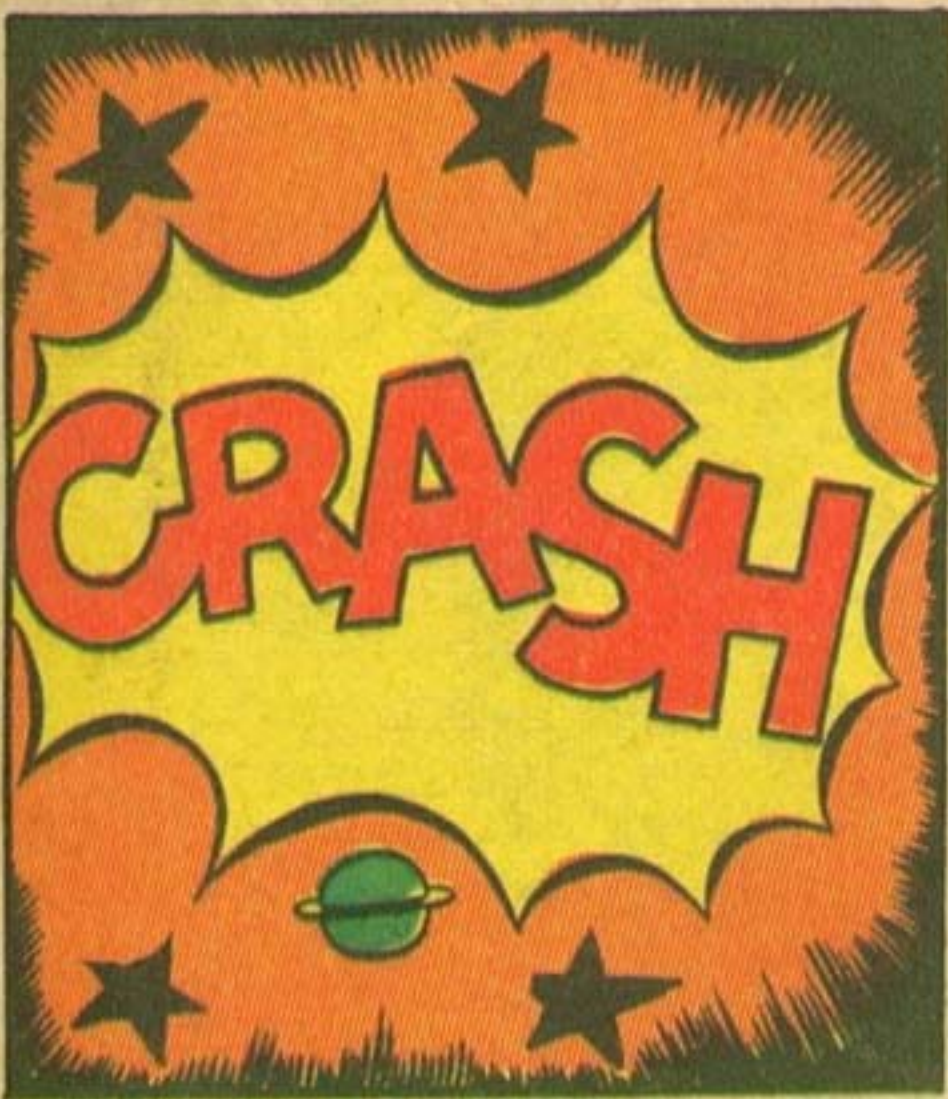
OH BOY, THIS IS MORE LIKE IT —

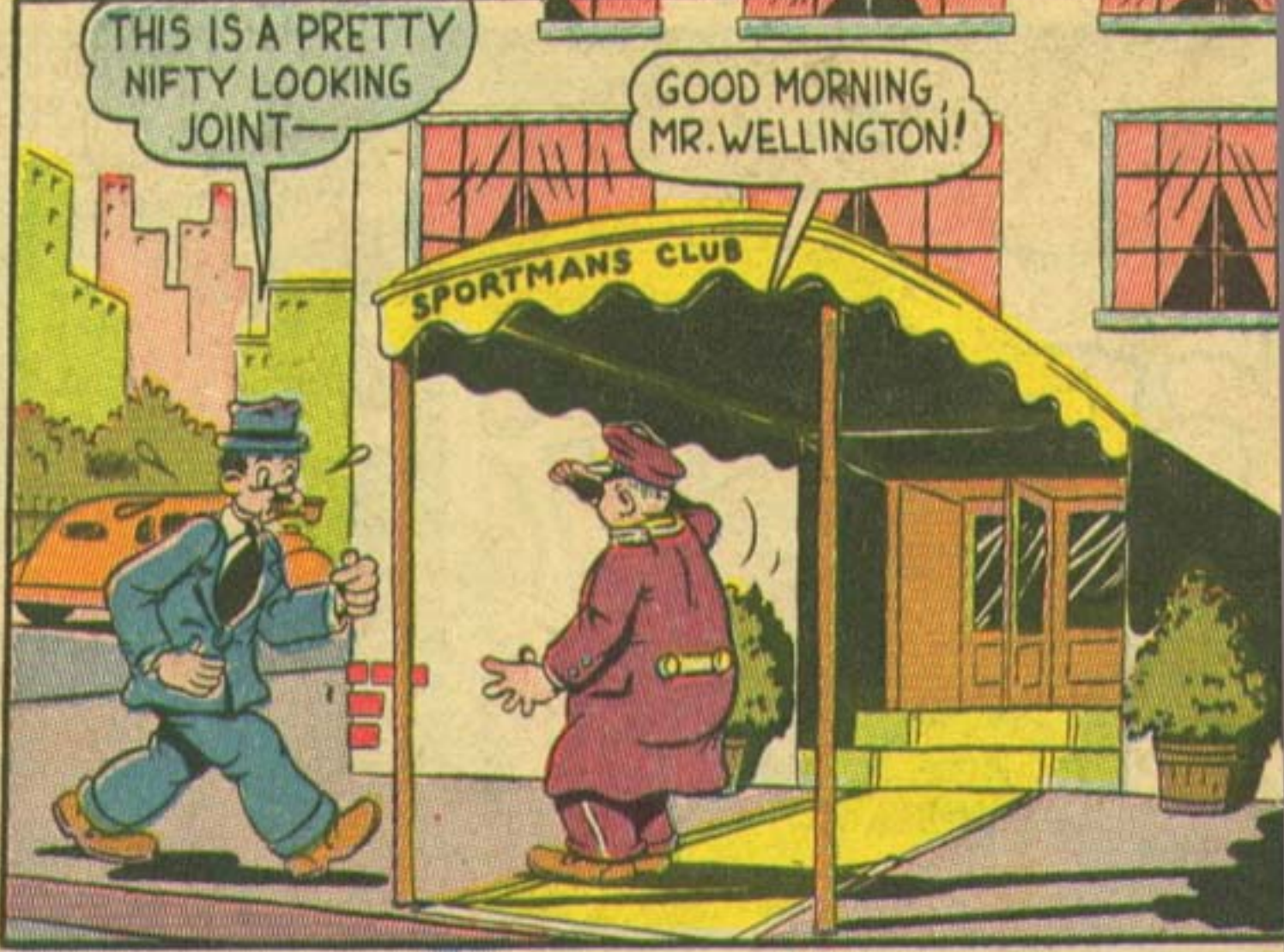


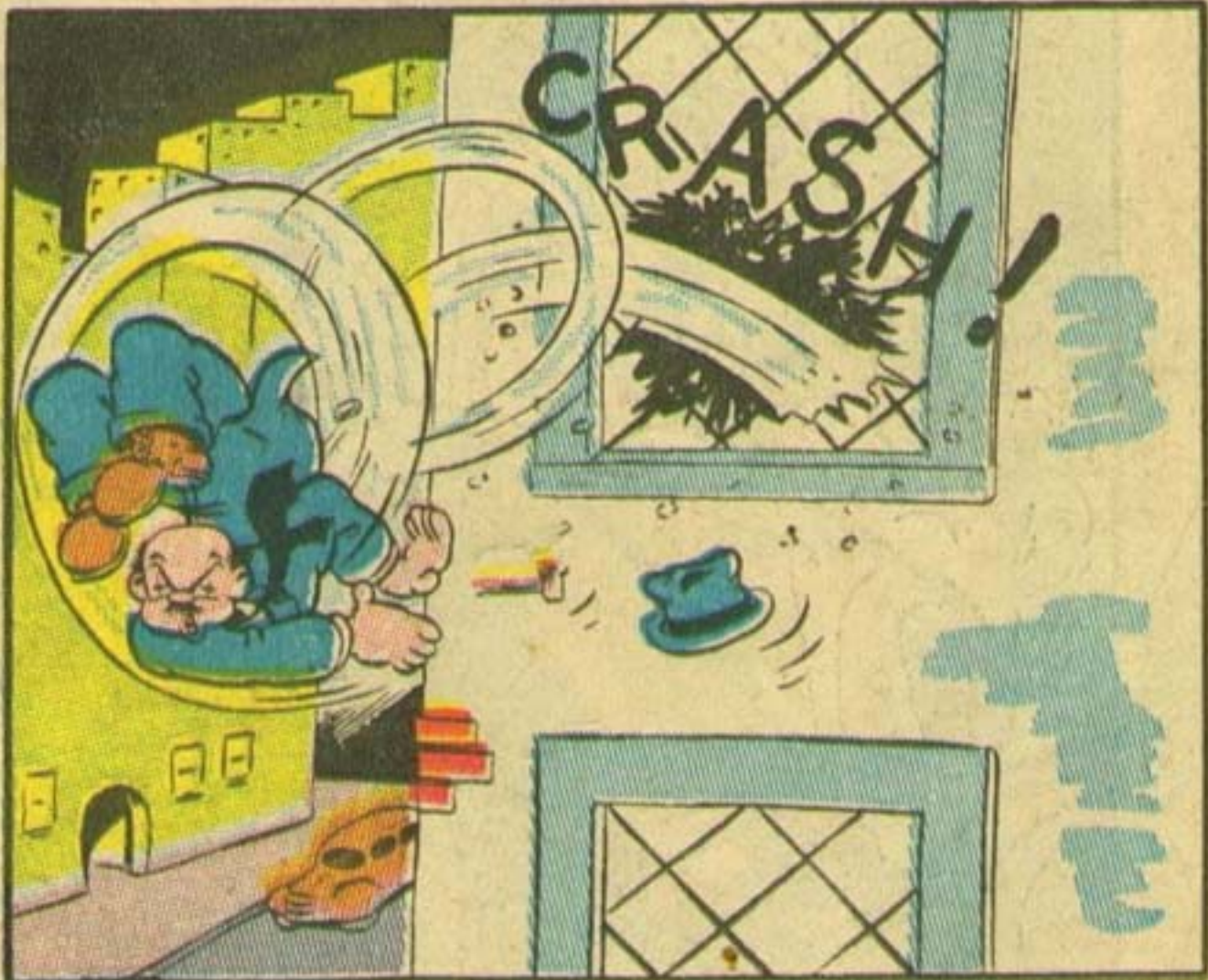
OH NO IT CAN'T BE!











The BLACK ROOD



The COP
AND
The KID!

OKAY, GUYS-NOW'S OUR CHANCE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE CHAUFFEUR, AND REMEMBER WHAT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO DO!



HELLO, FANCY PANTS! IS THAT YOUR CAR, OR DO YOU HAUL SOME FAT DAME AROUND IN IT?



WH-? I OUGHTA BREAK YOUR NECK FOR TALKING LIKE THAT!



SHUT UP, CHUMP-STICK YER HANDS UP!

WHY, YOU YOUNG SQUIRT!

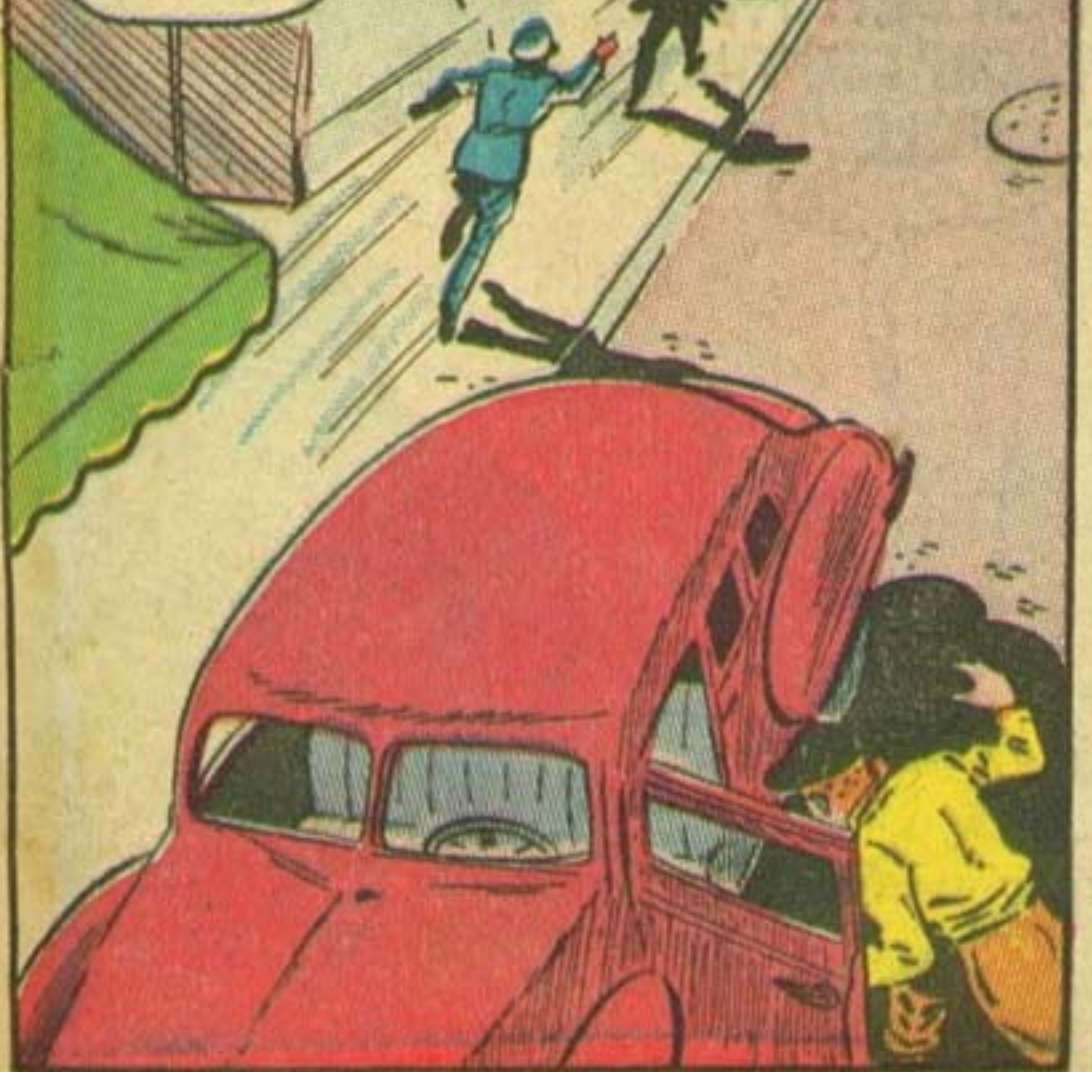


'SQUIRT' IS CORRECT! AND RIGHT IN YOUR PUSS, TOO!

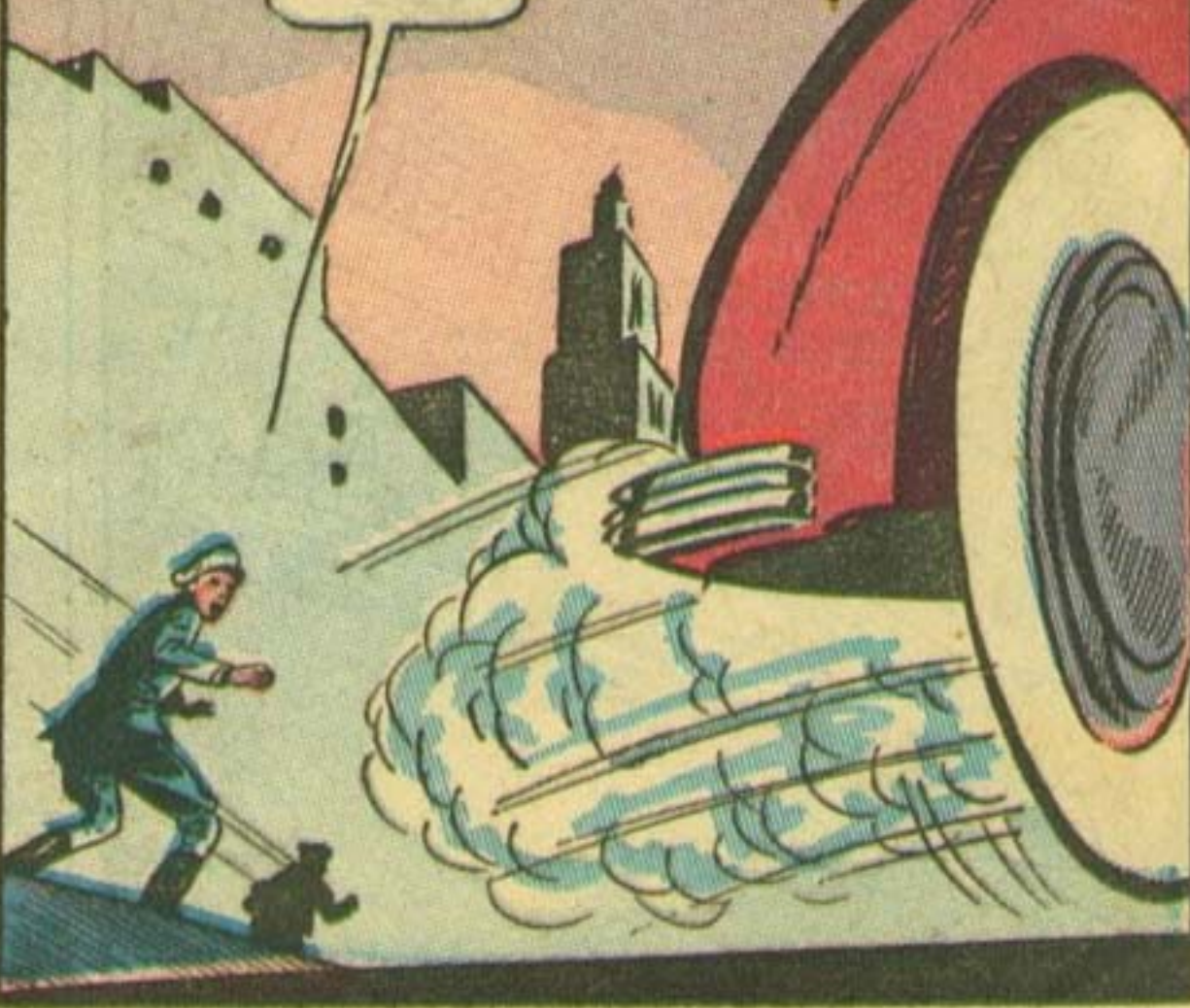


A WISE GUY, HUH? WAIT'LL I LAY MY HANDS ON YOU!

YAH, YAH, NUTS!



HEY, I GET IT! YOU KIDS PULLED A SWIPE!





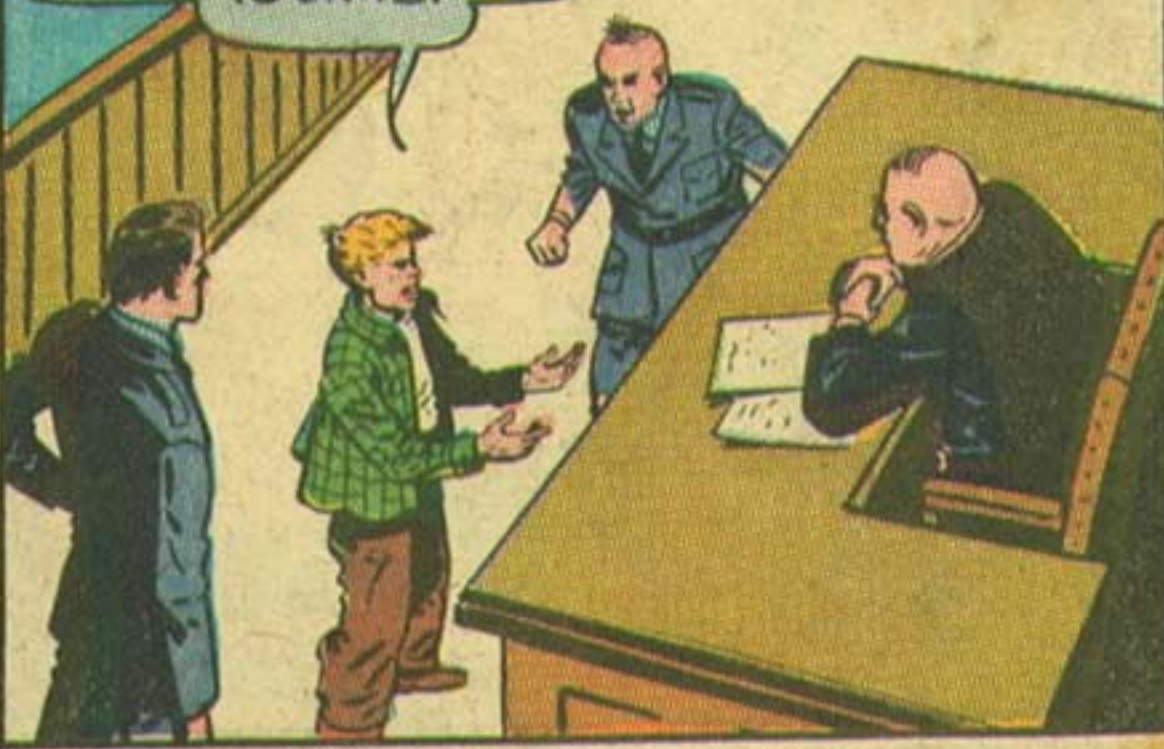


SILENCE! THERE WILL BE NO LEVITY IN THIS COURT! I THINK THAT THE BOY SHOULD HAVE A CHANCE TO TELL HIS SIDE OF THE STORY! GO AHEAD, FRANKIE!

BUT, YER HONOR--?



NOW YER COOKIN', JUDGE! FOIST OF ALL, MCGINTY HERE, IS TRYIN' TO CONVICT ME ON COICUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE! NO ONE SAW ME STEAL A CAR- AND BESIDES, I'M TOO YOUNG TO DRIVE!



HM? YOU SEEM TO KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE LAW-TOO MUCH, I'D SAY! UNFORTUNATELY, IT'S TRUE! THE EVIDENCE IS NEGATIVE!! HOWEVER, SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE ABOUT YOU! YOU SHOULD BE PAROLED IN SOMEONE'S CARE!



AND I-- YES, BURLAND, WHAT IS IT?

ONE MOMENT, YOUR HONOR! 1-BZ-Z-Z-Z-8Z--



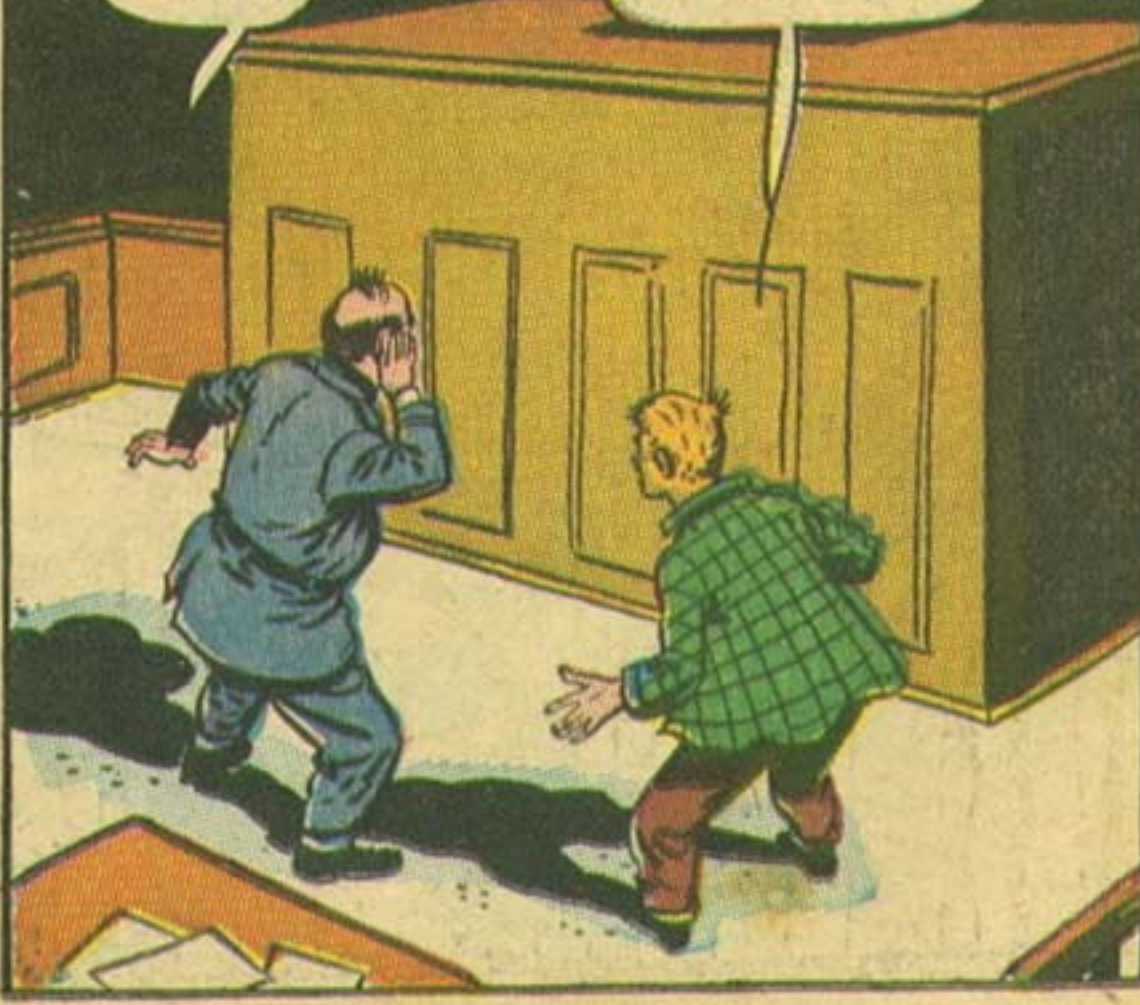
AND THAT ONE IS YOU, MCGINTY!

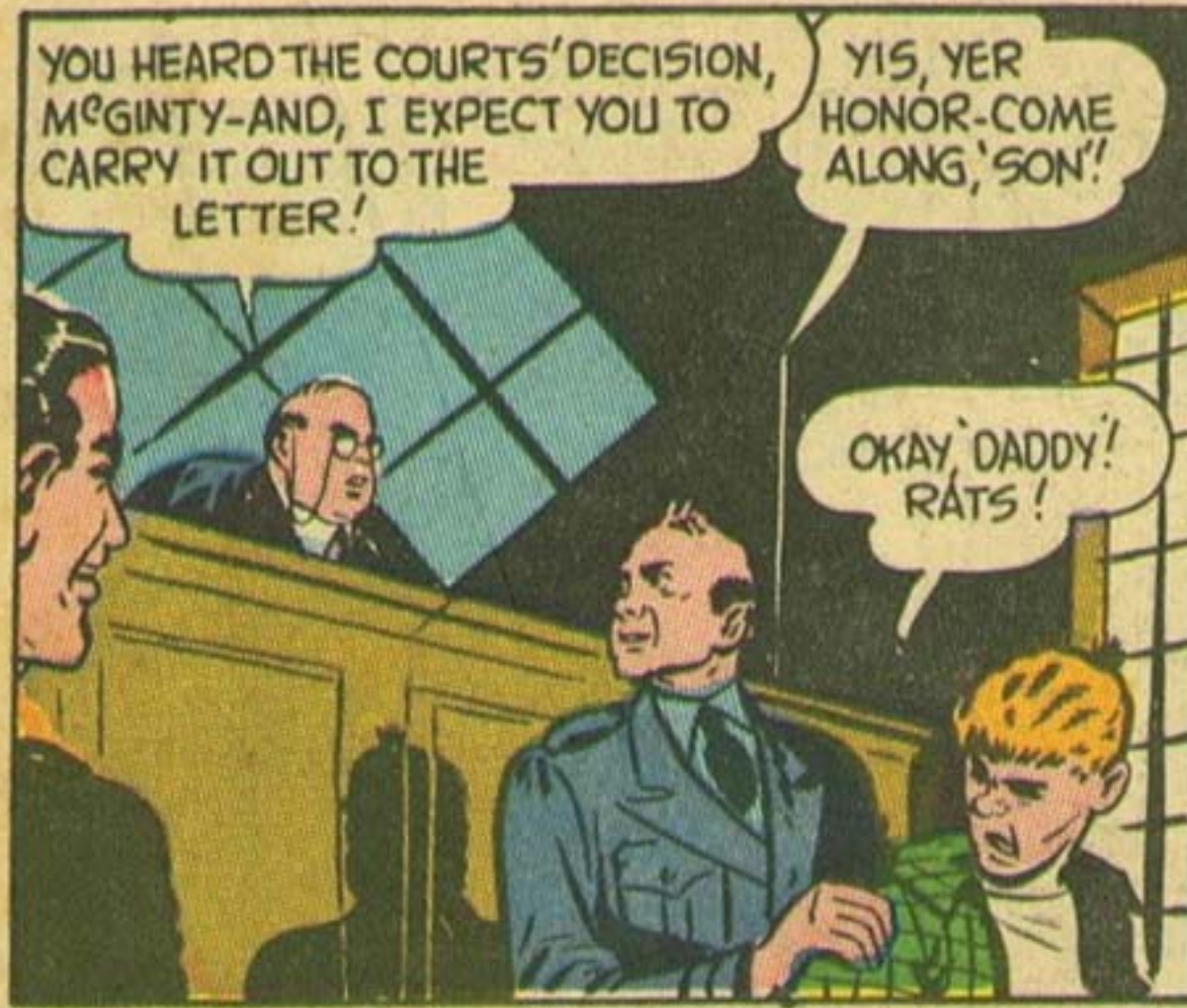
YEAH?-WH-WHO-ME?



OW! ME TAKE CARE OF HIM? JUDGE, PLEASE HAVE A HEART!

YAH, AND WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT STAYING WITH YOU WOULD BE LIVIN', PUTTY-NOSE?





YOU HEARD THE COURTS' DECISION, MCGINTY-AND, I EXPECT YOU TO CARRY IT OUT TO THE LETTER!

YIS, YER HONOR-COME ALONG, 'SON'!

OKAY, DADDY! RATS!



OUTSIDE THE COURTROOM ~

LEGGO MY HAND! WOTCHA THINK I AM, A SISSY?

OOF!



SEE HERE, YOU LITTLE RAT, I'M THROUGH FOOLING WITH YOU! I'LL MAKE A MAN OUTA YOU, IF I HAVE TO BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY!!!



A FEW DAYS LATER-

WATCH OUT, WILL YA? YOU'RE GETTING WATER ALL OVER EVERYTHING!



NUTS! IF YA DON'T LIKE IT- WASH 'EM YOURSELF!



NOW YER GONNA GET IT- BUT GOOD!!!



NAH, NAH-PATIENCE, MCGINTY, PATIENCE!



THERE MUST BE ANOTHER WAY- OH, WHAT DID I DO, TO DESERVE THIS?



A FEW DAYS LATER--
GEE, ARE THESE FOR ME, MAC?

YEAH, I MUST BE SOFT IN THE HEAD, GETTIN' YOU PRESENTS! BUT-I HOPE YOU ENJOY 'EM!



SURE IS SLICK, ISN'T SHE, FRANKIE?

IT'S A HONEY, MAC! LOOKIT HER GO!



GIMME A BREAK, WILL YA, MAC? LET ME PLAY WITH IT

YEAH, YEAH, SURE... IN A MINUTE.... HIYA, KIP!

HELLO, FELLAS



YOU'RE DOING A FINE JOB, MAC! THE JUDGE IS PROUD OF YOU BOTH!

FAITH, SIR, AND FRANKIE AND I HAD OUR DIFFERENCES AT FIRST! BUT NOW, WE GET ALONG SWELL!

YA BETCHA, MAC!!



WELL, I GOTTA GET BACK TO MY BEAT!-- S'LONG, MAMA!



G'WAN-GET OUT OF HERE! YOU TIN-HORN COMEDIAN!



A MONTH LATER---

WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT, TWO MONTHS AGO, THAT I'D BE DOIN' HOMEWORK-? AND LIKIN' IT, TOO!



IT'S MAC-HE WANTS ME TO COME RIGHT DOWN!



HI, MAC! WHAT'S UP?

C'MERE, FRANKIE-I GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU!



TAKE A GANDER AT THAT! WODYA THINK?

WOW! GEE-OH, BOY!



LOOK AFTER THE CAR, FRANKIE! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK TO CARRY UP THE REST OF THE STUFF!

SURE, MAC!



JUST THEN

WELL, WELL, IF IT AIN'T OUR OLD PAL, FRANKIE! AIN'T HE PRETTY? HE'S EVEN CLEAN BEHIND THE EARS, FELLAS!



FROM TOUGH GUY, TO CREAM PUFF IN TEN EASY-OOF!

WHO YOU CALLIN' CREAM-PUFF, BLABBER LIP?



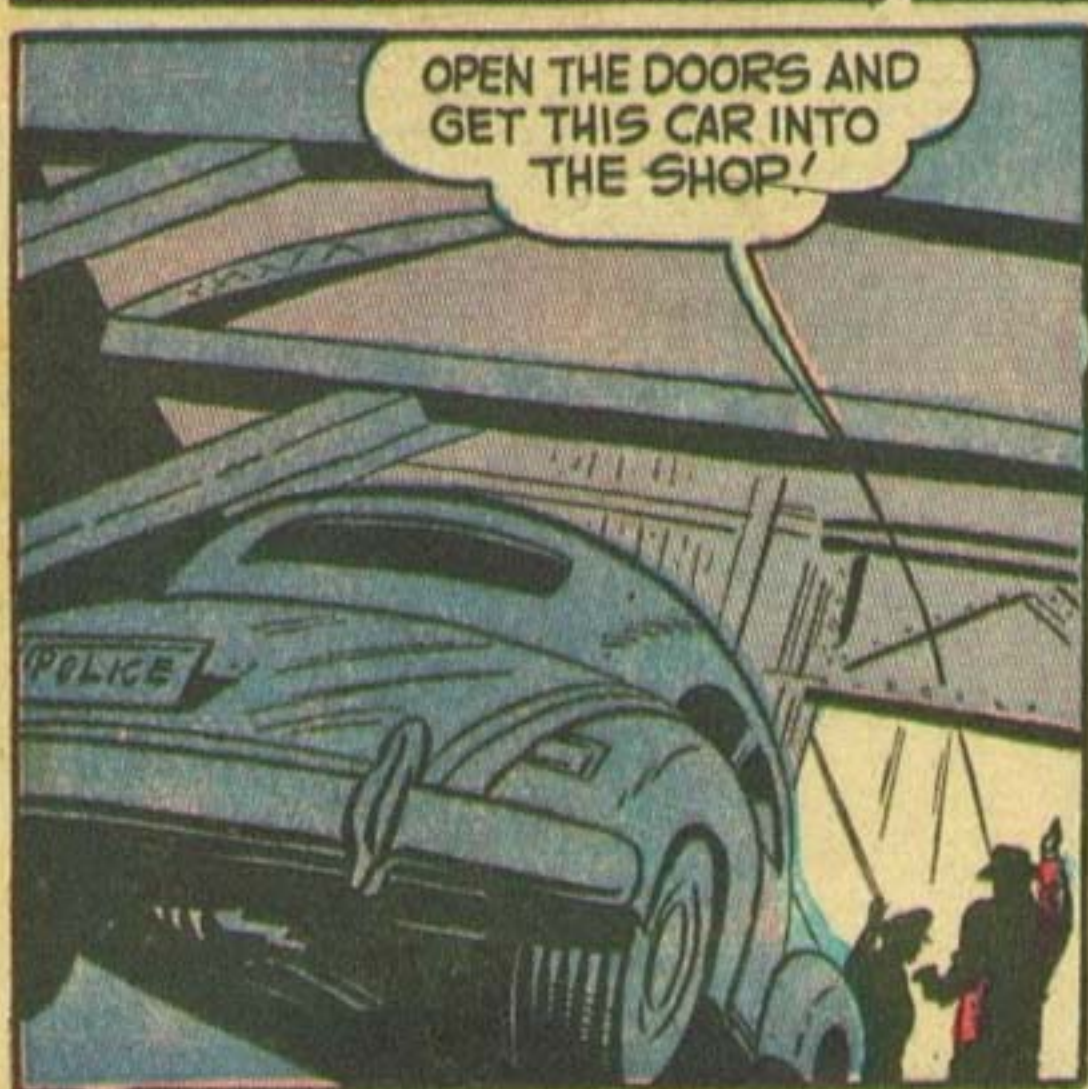
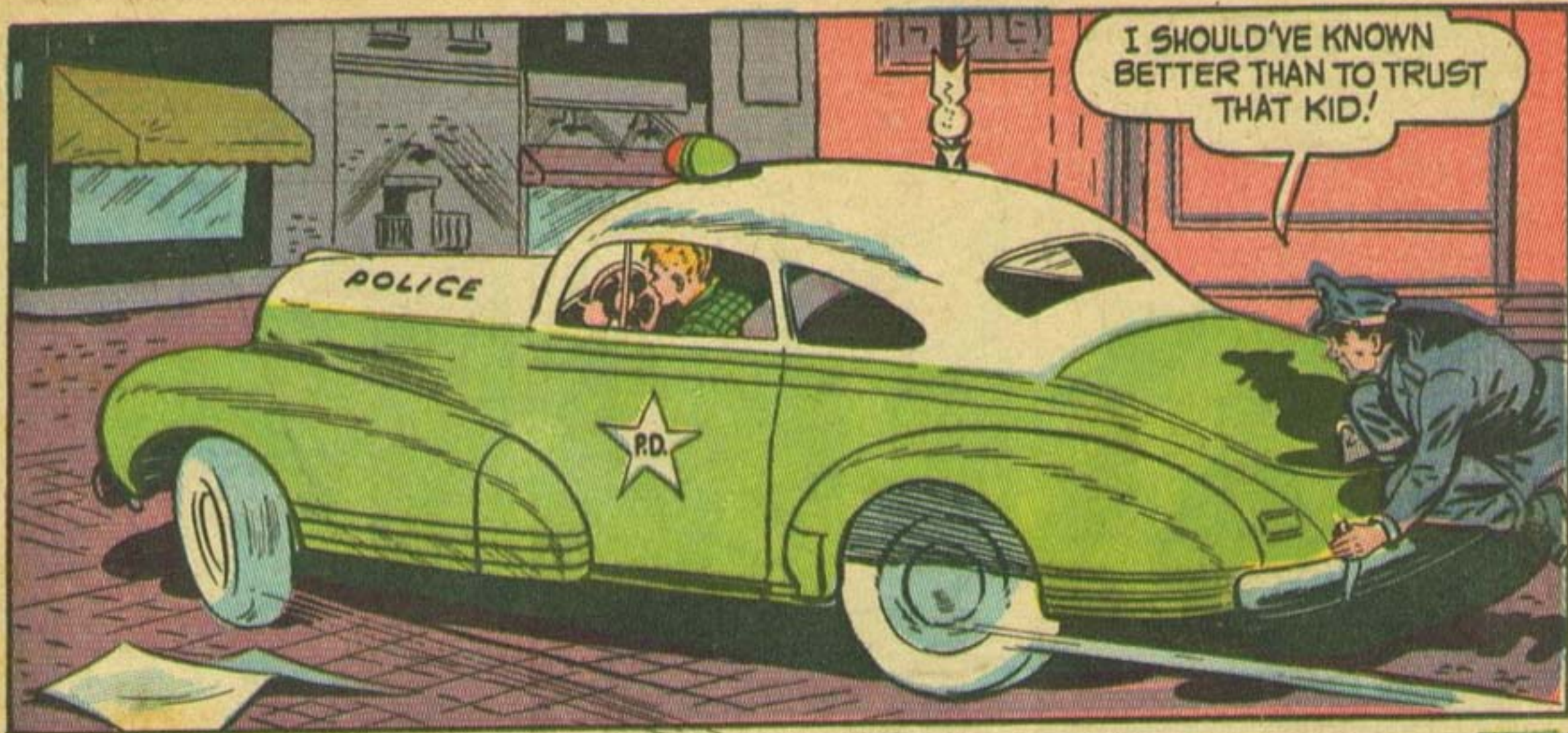
I'LL SHOW YA WHETHER OR NOT I'M A SOFTIE! NO COP IS GONNA MAKE A SISSY OUTA ME!



BEAT IT, YOU GUYS! I'M TAKIN' THIS CAR DOWN TO CHARLIE'S, MYSELF! THEN WE'LL SEE WHO'S YELLA!



HEY, FRANKIE, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? WHY, HE'S - HE'S STOLEN MY POLICE CAR!



-AND YER SONNY-BOY
HERE HAS BEEN
SUPPLYIN' US WITH
SOME OF 'EM! WE
PAY GOOD PRICES,
EH, FRANKIE?

SHUT UP,
YOU LITTLE
RAT! AND YOU-
YOU FILTHY
CROOK-WHEN
I GET OUT
OF HERE--!!

HONEST,
MAC,
I--



BUT YOU AIN'T GOIN'
OUTA HERE, BUD, I
GOT SOMETHIN'
PLANNED FER
YOU!

PLEASE,
CHARLIE,
DON'T! MAC
HAS NOTHING
TO DO WITH
THIS!



TIE THIS JOKER UP, JOE - THEN
FILL ONE OF THE PAINT-SPRAYERS
WITH BATTERY ACID!!

OKAY,
BOSS!



GIVE HIM A
SAMPLE, JOE-
SQUIRT IT AT
THAT OLD
COAT!



SEE, COPPER-LOOK WHAT ONE SQUIRT
DID TO THAT COAT! THAT'S WHAT'S
GOIN' TO HAPPEN TO YOU-'CAUSE
YOU KNOW TOO MUCH!

YOU CAN'T
DO IT, CHARLIE, I
WON'T LET
YOU!



-I'LL STOP YOU! YOU
DIRTY KILLERS!

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS TA
LITTLE, DOUBI E-CROSSIN'
RATS!

BANG

ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS, GET BUSY
AND FIX UP ANOTHER SPRAY-GUN
WITH ACID!

SHOT IN TH' HIP--CAN'T WALK--
GOTTA GET HELP FOR MAC--
I'LL HAFTA CRAWL!

FRANKIE PAINFULLY DRAGS HIMSELF
OUT INTO THE STREET--

THERE ARE TWO COPS--
ONE OF THEM IS KIP!

HELP, KIP,
HELP!

FRANKIE, YOU'RE
WOUNDED! WHAT
HAPPENED?

AUTO
CROOKS--
GONNA KILL
MCGINTY! IN OLD
GARAGE ON THE
NEXT BLOCK! ALL
MY FAULT--ALL
MY FAULT!

O'NEILL, GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL--
THEN BRING HELP--I'M
GOIN' AFTER MAC!

RIGHT,
KIP!

THAT'S THE PLACE, ALL RIGHT, AND THE BLACK HOOD TAKES OVER FROM HERE ON IN!



START THE AIR GENERATOR, JOE! AND THIS TIME, COPPER, I'LL DO THE JOB MYSELF! THERE'LL BE NO SLIP-UP!



MAYBE NOT, BUT HOW ABOUT A MUSS-UP?



THIS FINISHES YOU CHARACTERS!





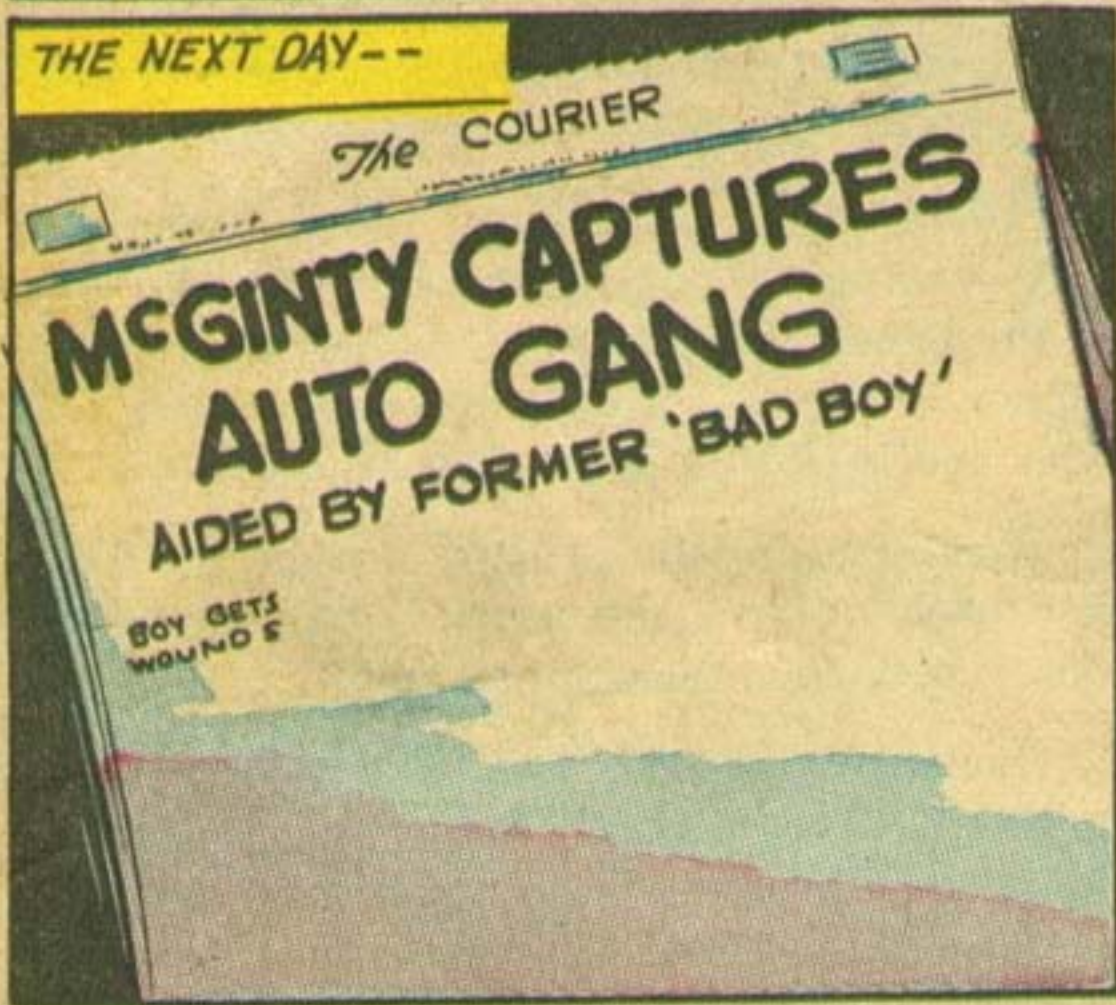
I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MINUTE!

THANK HEAVEN YOU CAME IN TIME, BLACK HOOD!



HELP OUGHTA ARRIVE SOON, SO I'LL TAKE OFF! YOU CAN HANDLE THESE GUYS, MEANWHILE!

BUT, HOOD--



THE NEXT DAY--

The COURIER

MCGINTY CAPTURES AUTO GANG
AIDED BY FORMER 'BAD BOY'

BOY GETS WOUNDED



I HAD YOU FIGURED WRONG, FRANKIE! BUT YOU PROVED YOU HAD THE STUFF!

HE TOLD ME, HE WANTS TO BE A POLICEMAN, WHEN HE GROWS UP!



SURE, NOW-A COP! AND A CREDIT TO THE FORCE, HE'LL BE, TOO! AS LONG AS HE DOESN'T TAKE AFTER YOU, KIP! IT SURE TOOK YOU A LONG TIME TO GET THERE, AFTER POOR FRANKIE RISKED HIS LIFE TO BRING HELP FOR ME!



NOW TAKE ME, FOR INSTANCE! AFTER YOU WENT FOR HELP, I WORKED MY WAY FREE AND LICKED THAT MOB, SINGLE-HANDED!

THE CORPSE BY THE WINDOW

POLICE were scattered all around the place.

There must have been fully a dozen of them. And in the center of the room, seated in a deep red Morris chair, was Sally Benton.

She had handcuffs on her wrists. . . .

Patrolman Kip Burland was there too!

"This case is cut and dried," McGinty was saying. "This blonde dame here just knocked off Margaret Moore, the concert singer. Did it very neat, too. Crept up to Moore when she was sleeping and suffocated her with an overdose of chloroform. . . ."

"What," Kip said, "makes you think Sally Benton did it?"

McGinty's eyebrows lifted. "Well, I'll tell you. If the coroner tells you the corpse died from an overdose of chloroform plainly visible, wouldn't you, too, kind of figure maybe that guest had something to do with the crime?"

"Maybe I would," Kip said. He turned to the girl. "What about that chloroform, Sally?"

She looked up at him. There were tears deep in her eyes. "Someone planted it," she said. "Someone planted it on me."

McGinty guffawed. "That's what they all say . . ."

"Easy, Sarge," Kip said. "Don't be so quick to pin this charge on Miss Benton. You're liable to find yourself looking pretty foolish." He spun around on his heel, and looked at a row of doors down the hall. "Which is Miss Moore's room?" he asked.

"Third door on the left," McGinty said. "I'll show you." He led the way down the hall, and entered a room. Kip followed him, keen eyes missing nothing.

He noted the articles of furniture, the ultra-modern bed, dressing table and chairs. He noted the modern indirect lighting, the modern pictures on the walls. And then he noted that the window was open. . . .

That was funny. Why leave a window open in mid-winter?

"Was Miss Moore found dead in this room?" Kip asked.

"Right," said McGinty. "The Black Maria took her down to the morgue just a couple of minutes before you arrived."

"Then tell me one thing, Sarge. Do you know whether Margaret Moore was a fresh air fiend?"

"How should I know? I didn't know the dame personally." An idea suddenly lighted up his face. "Her maid probably can tell you, though. I'll get her."

"Good idea," said Kip. "As a matter of fact, you might assemble everyone who was in the house at the time of the murder. If my hunch is correct, I may be able to tell you who really killed Margaret Moore!"

Four people other than Margaret Moore had been in the house at the time of the murder. Kip looked them over.

One, Sally Benton. Two, Mary Allen, Margaret Moore's maid. Three, Gerald Moore, Margaret's brother, who lived in the house and wrote many of Miss Moore's songs. And four, Katherine Cole, a friend of Margaret's. Katherine had started out on a singing career at exactly the same time as Miss Moore, but had been very much less successful, and had given up after two years of tryouts.

Kip turned to Miss Moore's maid. "Miss Allen," he said, "I'll ask you the same question I asked Sergeant McGinty. Was Margaret Moore a fresh air fiend?"

Mary Allen smiled sadly. "If anything, she was just the opposite," she said. "She hated breezes blowing on her when she slept. The windows in her room were always tightly locked."

Kip nodded. His hunch had been correct. He'd suspected Miss Moore didn't like her window open when he'd looked at it. The paint

at the sides of the window had been smooth, almost unbroken, indicating that the window was rarely opened.

And yet it had been opened on the night of the murder. Why?

Kip rejected the possibility that it had been opened to permit someone to enter the house. There was no fire escape outside, and Miss Moore occupied the fifteenth floor of an apartment building.

"I want to establish a fact," he said. "Will you, Miss Allen, and you, Mr. Moore, testify that Sally Benton has spent week-ends here before this one?"

"Several times," Moore said. "Probably more than a dozen in the last few years. Miss Moore always appeared at Miss Benton's society benefits and Miss Benton stayed here often to discuss the entertainment program."

"Good. And now—you, Miss Allen. How long have you been employed by Miss Moore?"

"I've been with her for ten years."

"And you've lived here with her in this apartment for how long?"

"Ever since she moved into this place five years ago."

Kip smiled again. "And you, Mr. Moore, how long have you lived in this apartment?"

"Five years," Moore said. He frowned. "I don't get what you're driving at."

"You will in a minute." He turned and looked at Katherine Cole. "How often have you stayed here in the past, Miss Cole?"

Katherine Cole was a big woman with cold, hard eyes. "This is my first visit," she said.

"There's your murderer, Sarge," Kip said calmly.

McGinty looked at him open-mouthed.

"Didn't you stop to wonder why the window was left open in Miss Moore's room? You heard Mary Allen testify that Miss Moore hated breezes blowing across her face." He paused as sudden understanding spread over McGinty's features. "Exactly. The killer entered Miss Moore's room and killed her with an overdose of chloroform. The killer had

one purpose in using this unique method of murder. If, by the time the murder was discovered the smell of chloroform had gone from the room, murder wouldn't even be suspected. Miss Moore's death would be put down to natural causes—overwork, perhaps."

He paused for breath. "And so the killer opened the window to let the smell go out—and in doing so made one mistake. She revealed herself as the only person in the household who wasn't familiar with the workings of the place. This is an ultra-modern apartment. The killer, having never been here before, didn't know one thing which every other person staying here did know—that no window had to be opened to dispel the odor of chloroform, because the apartment is *air conditioned!*"

Kip looked at the murderess. "This is pure deduction, but I'm willing to bet that Sally's room is right next to Katherine Cole's, with an adjoining door in between. Katherine Cole slipped into Sally's room as she slept, and put the chloroform into her overnight bag. This was for safety's sake, in case someone found out about the chloroform."

"And someone did, too," McGinty said. "Mary Allen came into Miss Moore's room to see if she was comfortable, and smelled the chloroform. That was how the murder was discovered."

"Well, there it is," Kip said. "Correct, Miss Cole?"

Katherine Cole slumped into a chair. "Everything you said is true," she said wearily. "I was jealous of her, and I fixed her for good. She beat me out of all my chances—became a success at singing while I had to give up. I brooded over it—felt that I had to pay her back. And I did. *I did!*"

Later Kip walked into the station house. McGinty was already there with his nose buried in a book.

"Say, what's that you're so absorbed in?" Kip asked jocularly, "a best seller?"

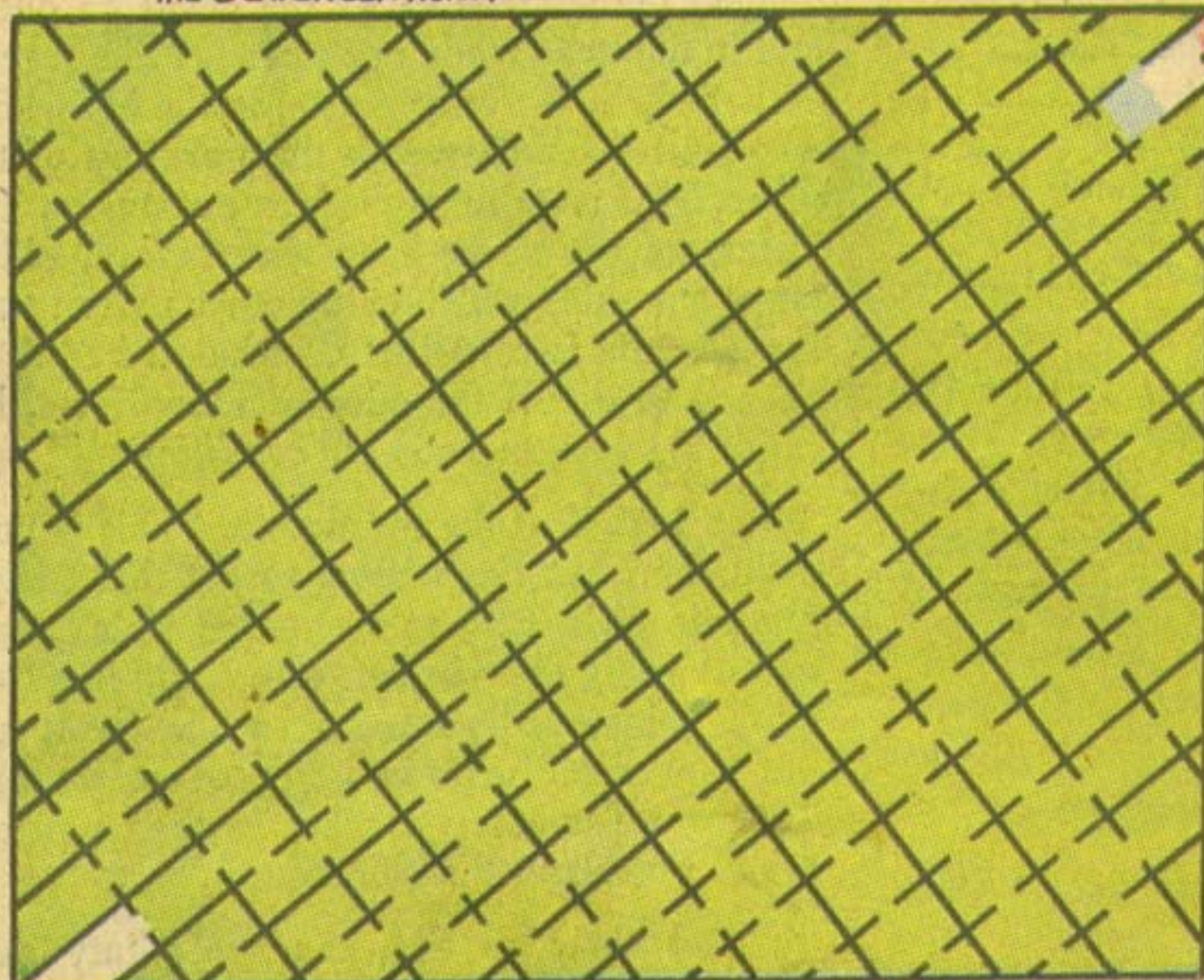
"Nope," McGinty answered. "Something I should have read a long time ago." He held it up for Kip to see the title, "How To Be A Detective."

BLACK HOOD

PUZZLE PAGE

LET'S HELP THE BLACK HOOD! BEGIN WHERE IT SAYS 'START' AND FIND YOUR WAY TO 'OUT'! YOU'LL WIN THE SCAVENGER HUNT!

START



OUT

1			2	3	4
		5			
6	7				
			8	9	
10		11			
12				13	

DOWN

- 1-THE HOMELESS GHOST
- 2-ABBR. OF KNOCKOUT
- 3-SMALL ISLAND
- 4-TORPEDO BOAT
- 7-THIS USED TO BE CALLED PERSIA
- 9-SURE DEATH FOR BUGS
- 10-SHORT FOR HOBO
- 11-FORM OF THE VERB 'IS'

ACROSS

- 1-READY, SET, --!
- 2-BLACK HOOD'S FIRST NAME
- 5-CAN'T BE FOUND
- 6-SPANISH FOR 'YES'
- 8-SHORT OF EDWIN
- 10-BLACK HOOD'S GIRL-FRIEND
- 12-FIRST NUMBER
- 13-ABBR. FOR SAINT

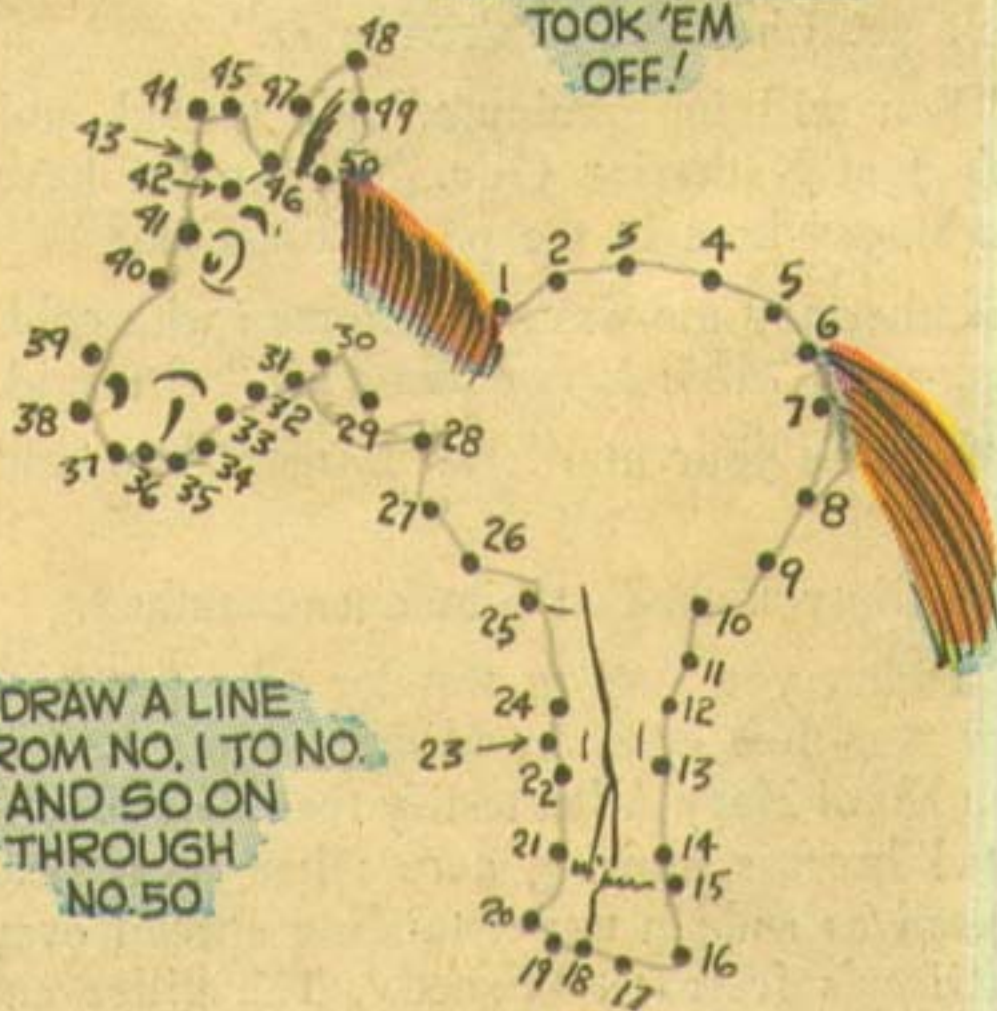
ANSWER

G	O	K	I	P	
U	L	O	S	T	
S	I	L			
E	D				
B	A	B	S		
O	N	E			
S	T				

TURN
UPSIDE
DOWN

A DOOR CLOSER!

WHEN HE BACKED UP TO DOORS, HIS HIND LEGS GOT IN THE WAY, SO HE TOOK 'EM OFF!



DRAW A LINE FROM NO. 1 TO NO. 2 AND SO ON THROUGH NO. 50

The Black Hood

MAN
OF
MYSTERY

The CASE
OF THE
**DISAPPEARING
CORPSE**



THE CIRCUS! ALL THE WORLD LOVES A CIRCUS! SCENE OF GAYETY, HAPPINESS AND LAUGHTER---



-BUT, SOMETIMES A SCENE OF HORRIBLE TRAGEDY!



SCORES OF PEOPLE PERISHED, OR WERE SEVERELY BURNED, BEFORE THE FLAMES WERE QUELLED! THIS IS THE THIRD FIRE DINGLING BROS. HAVE HAD IN THIS ONE SHORT SEASON!



IT'S HORRIBLE, KIP! ALL THOSE POOR CHILDREN!!

YES, BABS! THIS SUDDEN EPIDEMIC OF FIRES GETS ME!



WHILE, IN A BAR, A FEW DOORS AWAY FROM WHERE KIP'S PROWL CAR IS PARKED!

RIGHT! STOP STALLING AND GIVE ME THE DOUGH!

SURE! SURE, MARTY! BUT, FIRST, LET'S HAVE A DRINK!



OKAY, BUT LET'S NOT TAKE ALL DAY!

LET'S HAVE A LITTLE MUSIC ON THE JUKE BOX!





OKAY, NOW FORK OVER-I WANT WHAT'S COMIN' TO ME!

SURE, MARTY, YOU'LL GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU, WON'T HE, GAT?

YEAH! I GOT IT RIGHT HERE!



HERE IT IS, MARTY!



OUR PAL'S A LITTLE DRUNK!! LET 'IM SLEEP IT OFF, WILL YA, BUB?

NOTHIN' DOIN'! THIS AIN'T NO FLOPHOUSE- OUT HE GOES!



HEY, YOU! WAKE UP-HI! THIS GUY'S NOT SLEEPIN'!



HE'S DEAD! YOU MURDERED HIM!



STOP- HELP- POLICE!

WHAT'S UP?



I'M GOING AFTER THOSE GUYS, BABS-YOU GO SEE WHAT'S WRONG!

RIGHT, KIP!



I'M A NEWS-PAPERWOMAN! WHAT HAPPENED HERE, MISTER?

NEWSPAPER WOMAN?



GOOD GRIEF! HE'S BEEN SHOT! CALL POLICE HEADQUARTERS!



NO, YOU DON'T, SISTER! I DON'T WANT NO COPS SNOOPIN' 'ROUND HERE!



UGH!

PICK ON A POOR, DEFENSELESS WOMAN, WILL YOU?



NOW TO FIND A COP!



HARRIGAN, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU? THERE'S BEEN A MURDER IN THAT SALOON!

MURDER? LET'S GO, MISS SUTTON!



AW, THAT DAME'S OFF HER NUT--- THERE AIN'T NO STIFF HERE!

FAITH, AND ONE OF YEZ IS LYIN'! WHERE DID YEZ SAY YOU SAW THE BODY, MISS SUTTON?

RIGHT IN THAT BOOTH!



THAT IS, IT WAS! BUT, IT'S GONE, NOW!

SHURE, NOW! IT COULDN'T WAIT TILL I CAME, SO IT WALKED AWAY!



VERY FUNNY! BUT I DID SEE A MURDERED MAN IN THERE!

IF YA DON'T BELIEVE ME, WHY DON'T YA SEARCH THE PLACE?

OKAY- WE WILL!



I DON'T CARE IF YOU DIDN'T FIND THE BODY! IT'S HERE, I TELL YOU! AND- IF YOU WON'T HELP ME, SERGEANT MCGINTY WILL!

WELL, THEN, SUPPOSE WE GO DOWN TO H.Q.? SURE, AN' TH' SARGE'LL APPRECIATE A NICE MYSTERY STORY, I'M THINKIN'!



DAGNABBIT, BABS! IF THERE WAS A STIFF IN THE JOINT, WHERE DID IT GO?

I DON'T KNOW, SARGE! YOU FIND IT- YOU'RE A COP- THAT'S YOUR JOB!

YIS, BEGORRA! AND IT'S YOUR JOB TO MAKE UP STORIES, AIN'T IT? AND THIS IS THE TALLEST ONE I'VE EVER HEARD, HAW, HAW!

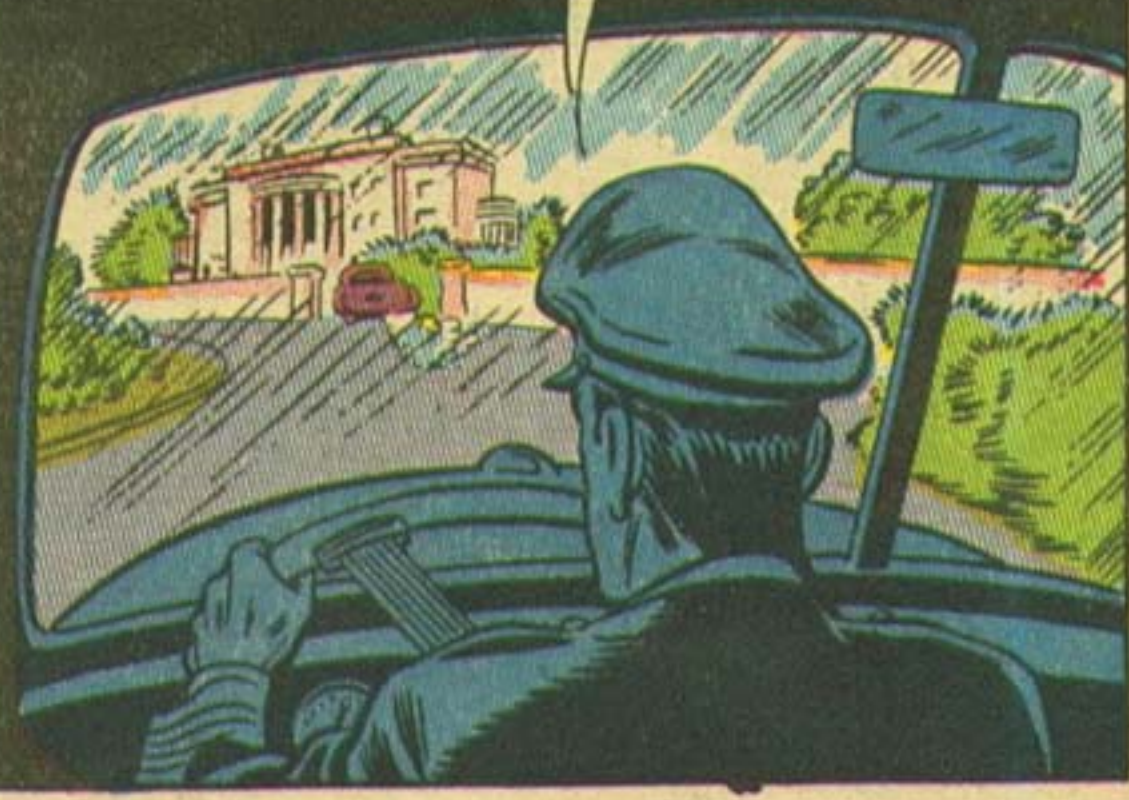


McGINTY, SOMETIMES I THINK IF YOU WERE TWICE AS SMART, YOU'D STILL BE A HALF-WIT!



MEANWHILE-

WELL, WELL! LOOKS LIKE JOURNEY'S END! WONDER WHOSE HOUSE THEY'RE GOING TO?



-WELL, THE BLACK HOOD WILL SOON FIND OUT!



A STICK-UP! WELL?



HIYA, BOYS? MIND IF I CRASH THIS PARTY?

WHO TH'-?



AND SPEAKING OF CRASHING-

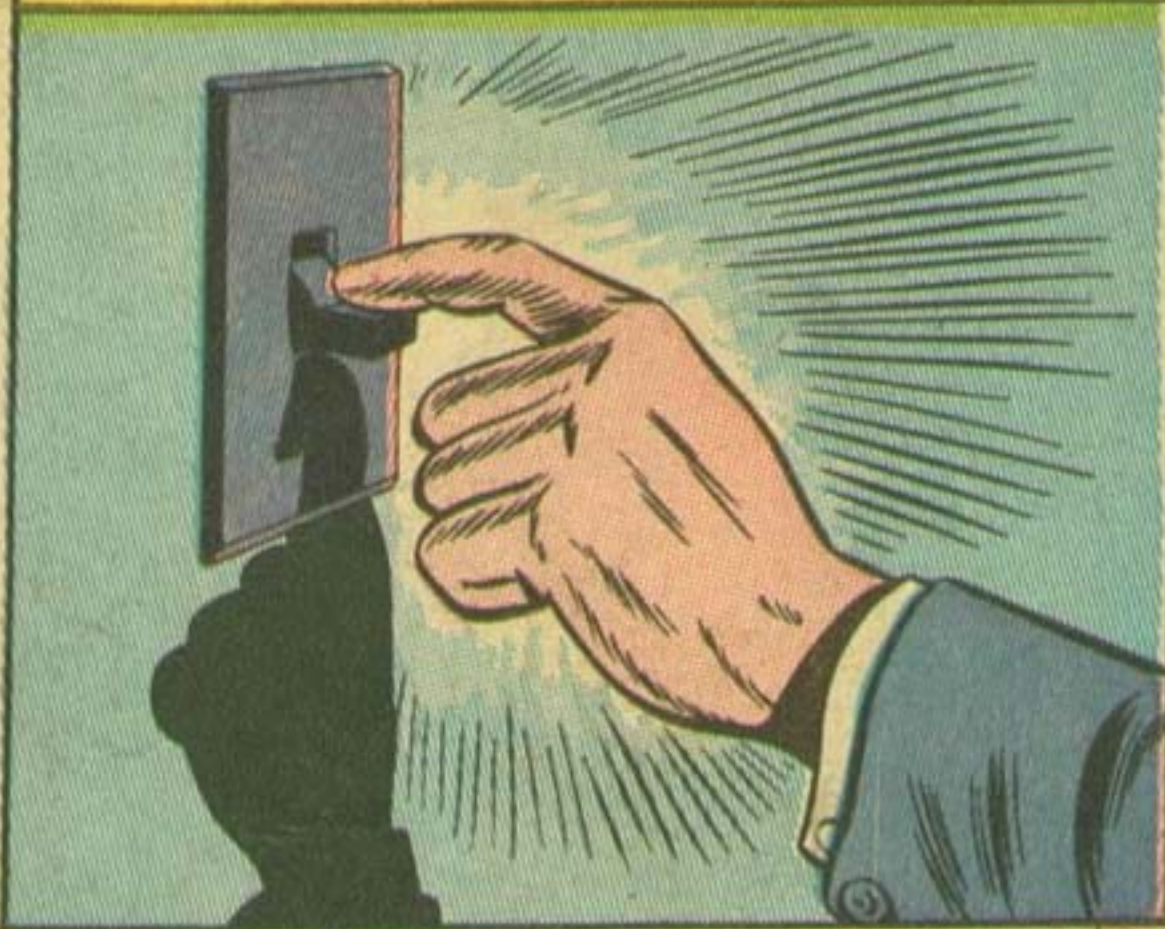
OOF!



I WOULDN'T WANT TO LEAVE YOU OUT!



SUDDENLY, A HAND REACHES FOR THE LIGHT-SWITCH! PRESSES IT---



RUN, GAT! IT'S OUR CHANCE FOR A GETAWAY!

YOU'RE TELLING ME!



AH, HERE'S THE SWITCH! YOU PEOPLE ALL RIGHT?

YES, BLACK HOOD! THANKS TO YOU!



WHO WERE THOSE MUGGS? WHAT DID THEY WANT?

THEY WANTED TO INTIMIDATE ME! I'M ROBERT DINGLING, OWNER OF THE CIRCUS! THIS IS MY SECRETARY, PETE DARNAY!



SOMEONE'S TRYING TO RUIN ME! THOSE FIRES WERE NO ACCIDENTS! I'VE BEEN GETTING THREATENING LETTERS ALL ALONG-AND NOW THIS!



-BUT IT WON'T WORK-I'LL BEAT THIS THING YET! NOBODY'S GOING TO MAKE ME CLOSE DOWN!

SURE, MR. DINGLING! RUNNING THE CIRCUS IS YOUR BUSINESS!



BUT WHEN INNOCENT CHILDREN ARE BURNT TO DEATH WHILE YOU'RE DOING IT-WELL, THE BLACK HOOD'S MAKING THAT HIS BUSINESS! SO LONG, FOR NOW!



NOW, TO GET BACK TO THAT SALOON!



FOR THE LAST TIME, MCGINTY, ARE YOU COMING WITH ME OR NOT?

DAGNABBIT! WILL YEZ STOP BOTHERIN' ME? I CAN'T THINK, WITH YOU JABBERING AWAY!



YOU CAN'T THINK-PERIOD! WELL, I'M GOING BACK THERE, MYSELF!



A SHORT TIME LATER-

HOOD! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU?

BABS! WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?





-AND SO, I CAN'T GET ANYBODY TO BELIEVE THERE'S A CORPSE IN THERE!

WELL, I BELIEVE IT, LET'S GO IN!



FOR THE LAST TIME, WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THAT BODY?

AN' FOR THE LAST TIME - BEAT IT!



OKAY, UGLY, NOW I'LL TALK TO YOU IN A LANGUAGE YOU UNDERSTAND! WE'RE SEARCHING THIS PLACE, GET IT?

YEAH!-GULP- UH-I SURE DO!



WHAT'S IN THOSE BARRELS?

BEER, OF COURSE!



YEAH? THEN THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER SEEN **RED BEER!**



THERE'S YOUR DISAPPEARING CORPSE, BABS! IT'S MARTY DIXON. I WONDER HOW HE FITS INTO ALL THIS?

L-LOOK, HOOD, MY NOSE IS CLEAN, HONEST! IF THE COPS FOUND A STIFF IN MY JOINT, THEY'D CLOSE ME UP IN A MINUTE! THAT'S WHY I HID IT!

SHUT UP! CALL THE POLICE RIGHT NOW, OR DO I HAVE TO DO IT FOR YOU?



LATER-

WHO IS THIS MAN, MARTY DIXON?

THE WORST SHYSTER LAWYER IN TOWN! IF HE WAS MIXED UP IN THIS, THERE'S REALLY SOMETHING CROOKED GOING ON! COME ON, WE'RE GOING TO DIXON'S OFFICE!



WELL, HERE'S THE WHOLE ANSWER! NOW TO DROP IN ON DINGLING!

HELLO, DING-LING! HELLO, DARNAY!

HOOD! HAVE YOU LEARNED SOMETHING ALREADY?



TOO MUCH! BUT YOU AIN'T GETTIN' A CHANCE TO USE IT, WISE GUY!



SAYS YOU!



YOU LUGS ARE GLUTTONS FOR PUNISHMENT, AREN'T YOU?





WHO ARE THESE MEN, HOOD?

YOU CAN DROP THE ACT, DARNAY! ALIAS JOHN CARTER!



WH-WHA-?

YOU KNOW DARNED WELL WHO THEY ARE! YOU HIRED 'EM! IT WAS YOU WHO STARTED THOSE FIRES AND YOU WHO HAD DIXON MURDERED!



YOU AND DIXON WERE IN CAHOOTS TO GET DINGLING TO SELL OUT TO YOU, DIRT-CHEAP! DIXON DECIDED TO PLAY BOTH ENDS AGAINST THE MIDDLE AND BLACKMAIL YOU, SO YOU HAD HIM RUBBED OUT!



AS FOR YOU, DINGLING, YOU'VE GOT QUITE A RECORD, YOURSELF! THAT'S EXACTLY THE WAY YOU GOT THE CIRCUS, BY INTIMIDATING THE GUY WHO USED TO OWN IT! YOU BOUGHT IT FOR A SONG, SO, NATURALLY-WHEN DARNAY TRIED THE SAME STUNT ON YOU, YOU DIDN'T FALL FOR IT!



SO-IT WAS YOU BEHIND THIS, YOU RAT! HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS!

OH, NO YOU DON'T, DINGLING!



WAIT-DON'T!



WELL, THEY BOTH GOT THEIRS, AS USUALLY HAPPENS WHEN CROOKS FALL OUT!

WHEN WILL THEY LEARN, HOOD, THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY?

GEORGE F. JOWETT

Puny weak and sickly, condemned to die at 15, remolded and rebuilt his own body to magnificent proportions and size and became the World's Record Holder for Strength. Let him make you over into a he-man of might and muscle.



Let me make

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TOUGH as a
MARINE
from head to toe... **COMPLETE**
says
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